

# ARNOLD'S

## MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS.

**New Series.**

VOL. IV.]

JUNE, 1834.

[No. 8.

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DEATH OF THOMAS STOTHARD, Esq., R. A.

SCARCELY had our pages closed with an account of the genius and character of this truly venerable and gifted artist's works, than we were called on to lament his death, which took place on Sunday, the 27th of April, at his house in Newman Street, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

It is with artists as with literary men, that their lives, generally speaking, are best seen in their works. Quiet and sedentary, their days seem to pass with little interruption but from the common casualties from which none are exempt, and over which none can have power or control.

Mr. Stothard's disposition was in keeping with his habits—philosophical, temperate, and industrious, never tempting him to enterprize or adventure. Like Beattie's Minstrel, he appears to have been "held in thrall" by his love of Art, and his enthusiastic admiration of the beauties of nature. These constituted his chief enjoyment, and transferring them to his paper or canvass, his sole employment; beyond them it may be said—

— " His sober wishes never learnt to stray,  
But thro' the cool sequestered vale of life  
He held the noiseless tenor of his way."

His career was long, and, it is now known, in point of pecuniary matters, successful. The times, in the commencement of his practice as an artist, were favorable to the developement of his powers, at least he had few rivals to contend with in the department of Art which was the object of his choice. He may be said to have taken the lead in book designs, and to have kept the game in his own

hands. It is true others shared in the credit of giving the stamp of excellence, which at that time began to distinguish these embellishments to works of literature, but they bore no proportion, in number, character, and beauty, to those of Mr. Stothard, and when it is understood that he made no fewer than five thousand designs, principally for book publications, neither his practice nor his celebrity will be matter of surprise; and it is no small gratification to us, that so many pages of our Magazine have borne testimony to his genius and talents. We refer our readers to No. 13 for February 1832, pages 91-2, where he is placed at the head of the British School of Design, and many of his works are enumerated. In No. 6, April 1833, there is a Portrait of Stothard, engraved by Scriven, after a painting by J. Green; with a short memoir of the artist, and in our recent numbers 5 and 6, for March and April of the present year, will be found more ample records of his powers and practice.

"Spirits," (said our nation's gifted bard) "are not finely touched but to fine issues." How the Painters were touched, his works best tell: that the qualities of the poet were inherent in the mind of the artist, no one who has studied his works will deny. Let any one examine the *Rasselas* of Doctor Johnson, and he will find the genius of Stothard described, in a comparative point of view, with that of the poet. The same qualities, the same knowledge of things, animate and inanimate, are required in the one as in the other, and we may say of Stothard, in the words of the great writer, that by him nothing was overlooked. He too might be said to range mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and to picture on his mind every tree of the forest and every flower of the field; observing with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the temple—sometimes wandering along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watching the changes of the clouds. To him nothing was useless: whatever was beautiful, and whatever was dreadful was made familiar to his imagination; he acquainted himself with whatever was awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and the meteors of the sky, all concurred to store his mind with inexhaustible variety.

And when to these are added, the power of observing the passions in all their combinations, tracing the changes of the human mind,

— "from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude," such were the qualities developed in the genius of Stothard!—when shall we look upon his like again?

## SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT. No. VII.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

A GENTLEMAN called on me some weeks back to know whether I would receive his son as an articled clerk, to which I took the liberty of replying, that the willingness of an architect to undertake the instruction of a youth, should, in a great measure, depend upon the real willingness of the latter to receive that instruction. To this the applicant acceded; politely stating his conviction, that, should his "boy" be placed in my office, no attention on my part would be wanting. The conference on this occasion was brief; for the subject of "terms" was next touched upon, evidently to the discomfiture of my visitor, who, nevertheless, managed a tolerably graceful exit, under intimation of calling again.

Two days after, the gentleman made good his word, and re-appeared with his "boy,"—of Corinthian proportions, as to tallness, and bearing marks of having

"Discontinued school above a twelve-month."

He was dressed after the most approved fashion, and greeted me with a kind of sickly bow, as the father introduced him—

"My son, sir."

The progress of conversation soon developed the qualifications of the young gentleman. By his mother's particular request, he was to climb no ladders—mount no scaffolds. At his father's urgent desire he was to be put in the way of ascending the topmost height of his profession. According to his own agreement, he was to do no cross multiplication, and to stand exempt from all co-operation with vulgar workmen and "measurers." Having ventured to explain the utter incompatibility of the father's desire with the stipulations of mother and son, I bade them a very respectful farewell; nor did I see more of this hopeful youth, until a few days past, when to my surprise he strutted by the window in a coat of fearful scarlet, accoutred with feather, sword and epaulette, and looking great guns!

Of course there was an especial clause in his articles of service, exempting him from scaling-ladders and breach mounting.

"Pray, sir," said my patron, "which of the orders of architecture do you really prefer? You *must* have a preference: all *may* have much merit, but which the most?"

"Pray, sir," said I in return, "which article of dress do you really prefer? Your hat, your coat, breeches or boots? All may be of use, but which is *most* useful?"

"Nay sir," he replied, "you speak of things differing in kind. The orders are all of one kind—of one general form—differing only in certain decorative features. It is not, therefore, whether you prefer your hat to your coat; but which of your hats, or which of your coats is it you prefer."

"Taking the question," said I, "on your own terms, it is still not a question of preference: for it were scarcely less absurd to say, that you prefer your light straw to your beaver hat, than your hat to your coat. A hat is for the head, a coat for the body; a light straw hat is for a *hot* day, a beaver hat for *colder* weather. A chintz dressing gown and drab box coat do not more essentially differ than the Corinthian and Doric orders. The preference of one order to another will therefore depend upon its superior *fitness*. Each is the most beautiful on certain occasions; and I grant there might be occasions, when either order could be used with good effect and critical propriety. It is, therefore, fit the occasion should be distinctly stated. The purpose of the building will possibly at once decide the question as regards that building alone. Should the building have a mixed, and undecided purpose, or none save that of pictorial effect, the question will be more open to consideration: though even then the nature of the site, and character of the contiguous objects must be consulted."

Though comparisons are odious to a proverb, people will still persist in making them.

The orders of Greek architecture, are, like the plays of Shakspeare, co-equal in distinct merit, and each meeting with occasional preference, agreeably to the ever differing circumstances under which we peruse them. It is but a thoughtless and ignorant mind which would propose a comparison between Hamlet, Falstaff and Imogen.

Perhaps there is no pleasure more genuine than that experienced by the young architect when commissioned to give palpable being to some well studied design of his own invention. To watch its daily growth in solid masonry and Memel timber, from the basement of infancy to the chimney top of maturity; feeding it constantly with working drawings, and cherishing it with paternal superintendence; witnessing with grateful pride the skill and industry of the numerous workmen em-

ployed on the building, and confidently anticipating the ultimate effect of the whole in its perfect state of completion. All this is purely delightful. We do not, on this occasion, admit into our consideration those several annoyances which are always more than probable. It is sufficient to know, that they *may* be possibly avoided; so happy a circumstance, not being solely dependant upon an employer's liberality and good temper, but in a great measure, upon the architect himself, who too frequently gets into difficulty by neglecting to obtain a clear insight into his patron's meaning, and by omitting to qualify those glowing anticipations which "fair drawings," as they are termed, are too apt falsely to excite.

Delightful, too, is the contemplation of a work, which, having been carried on amid the impediments of meddling ignorance and the censures of vulgar malice, now commands the admiration of the general spectator, and enforces silence upon the impertinent. In such contemplation did the great and good Sir Christopher Wren freely indulge, when, after his dismissal from service in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he took an occasional trip from Hampton Court to St. Paul's church-yard. The majestic monument of his genius stood before him. It was not (ever detested be the memory of the babbling blockheads who thwarted him!)—it was not all he could have wished: but, though he knew it not, it was still the finest building of its class in the universe; and honestly proud must he have felt, when he stood beneath the vaulting cavity of its dome, and reflected upon the singularly glorious chance which had appointed so pious a christian as himself to erect such a temple to his God!

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If it be a pleasure to behold the realization of a cherished design, what must be our pain in witnessing its subsequent destruction? The most positive proof that there can be no such thing as the rising of an angry ghost, is afforded in the destruction of Wanstead House. Had there been any truth in the theory of apparitions, and in the idea that departed spirits are susceptible of vexation, most unquestionably the ghost of Colin Campbell would have risen simultaneously with the fall of the auctioneer's hammer! It is sufficiently discouraging to contemplate the probabilities of earthquake, fire and civil broil, together with the certainty of destructive time: but it were surely beyond the power of philosophy to support an architect under the heavy affliction of seeing his noblest work disappear stone by

stone, as though it were no more than a common quarry from which material for ordinary building was being abstracted piece-meal! The preservation of Wanstead House, in a critical sense, would have been cheaply purchased by the destruction of every royal palace in England—Windsor alone excepted. While open to the public view previous to its sale, a strong illustration was afforded of the utter indifference with which a *national ornament* can be regarded in comparison with the superficial finery of its furniture and hangings. Crowds were assembled. They mounted the platform of its noble portico without a glance upwards or around. If they retreated from the house into the lawn, it was not to gain a fair view of one of the finest Palladian elevations ever seen: their main object was to stir up the water of the fish-pond with their walking sticks, or to gather a nosegay from one of the flower beds. I remember walking about for half an hour, in anxious hopes of hearing some remarks upon the beauty of the mansion; but it was not alluded to in any way, save by a young lady, who energetically observed upon the "clearness of its reflection in the water." The positive building never elicited a comment; its inverted semblance threw her into raptures. Thus Macready's *Hamlet* is neglected for a sight of the man who walks on the ceiling, and drinks port wine with his head downwards.

My indentures were signed, sealed and delivered, and my premium paid, some time before Wanstead House was doomed; otherwise—much as I loved her—my lady architecture would have been deserted. The contemplated possibility of seeing a like child of my own, barbarously pulled to pieces limb by limb, would have driven me rather to seek employment in an excise office, than paternity in architectural alliance. But the die was cast; and, in spite of my horrors I am really become a "practising architect."

A worse case, however, than that of seeing a favorite design annihilated may be readily imagined. Let us suppose an elegant mansion transferred by circumstances from its original tasteful possessor to a vulgar and ignorant self-styled "utilitarian." Behold him, bricking up the portico to form a counting-house; partitioning off the picture gallery into compartments for his different stores; attaching, to your pure Italian front, a wing of Carpenter's "gothic;" de-taching your balustrade to make way for his garret windows; covering part of your enriched frieze with a board announcing the firm of "Grubbins, Getall and Co."—No! rather than this, let "castles topple on their warder's heads—and palaces and pyramids slope their heads to their foundations!" Save me from this, beseech ye, Fates!

## SAMSON AGONISTES; OR, VANDYKE IN VINCULIS.

*(Concluded from page 38.)*

My tutor, as I before stated, was buried deep in learned studies, and was too much engaged with his own abstruse speculations to bestow on me more attention than that which was demanded by the immediate care of the classics, and I flattered myself that, as heretofore, I should be suffered to proceed with my drawing unmolested—but, “point de rose sans épine.” I was watched with a jealous eye, lest my ardent pursuit of Art should lead me beyond the narrow limits of gentility, and I was everlastingly harassed by the observation, that “nothing can be more unnecessary and ungentle than for a *gentleman* to draw, or indeed to do any thing in the way of accomplishment, like a professor,” and I never was seen by my refined relatives engaged in eager preparation for the anxiously expected return of my master, without receiving a gratuitous sarcasm, an admonitory hint to the above effect. At length, wearied out by the incessant apprehensions of my kind but injudicious friends, I resolved that what I could not complete by day I would by night, and thus I never failed to finish a copy of every drawing entrusted to my charge: My able master was a man of education, taste, and refinement, and his conversation would, I am certain, have brought a blush of conscious inferiority into the cheek of many a supercilious sciolist and many a haughty sprig of aristocracy, who consider artists as beings of a grade far beneath their own imaginary excellencies, and who, as I know from indignant experience, aver “that an artist is an artist alone and nothing more,” and speak of him in the terms in which they would name their butcher or their baker, their tailor or their hair-dresser, and indeed evince far less consideration for his feelings, and show him much less deference than they show to the horse-dealer, or the wine merchant. To return. With my valued friend R—, for as such I shall never cease to consider him, I traversed in theory the regions of Art, ancient and modern; with him I discussed the finest passages of the best writers, and from him I learnt to reverence the sons of genius (who are but too often the children of misfortune), be their situation in life elevated or depressed. Those were indeed happy days, when hope was high and enthusiasm unabated, when daily and hourly, under the guiding hand of R—, I was acquiring new and ecstatic perceptions, and eagerly studying with irrepressible diligence, trusting to acknowledged excellence to overcome the scruples of my

family. "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further," was the awful mandate delivered and obeyed on a very solemn occasion; "and here shall thy proud waves be stayed" was the line of demarcation assigned to the mighty element, rushing onwards in the full tide of youthful vigor. In the pride of my heart I have sometimes compared my own arrest in the buoyancy of restless genius to the sublime image, with this difference, that my crisis was hastened and my sentence evoked by my rash temerity and ill-founded expectations; together with an ambition burning, headstrong, impetuous. After much cogitation and some slight apprehensions of non-success, I one day, with all the earnestness of deep-seated feeling, solicited my father's permission to proceed forthwith to London to commence systematic study as an artist; which profession I informed him it was my unalterable wish to pursue, adducing at the same time every argument I could muster in support of my petition. I spoke, however, to ears pre-occupied by the suggestions of family pride and aristocratic dignity, while my worthy aunts, the gifted seers, the clear judging prophetesses, arrayed themselves in battle against me, and appealed to all present, whether they had not foretold the result. My dear kind mother had long been laid in the dark tomb; had she been spared to me I might even then have gained "the desire of mine eyes,"—but no! I was unsupported, unheard; and having brought the "coup de grace" upon myself, my death warrant of fame and artistical ambition was immediately signed by an instantaneous intimation to poor R——, that his services were no longer required, and a chilling and haughty order for the amount of his bill! as if he were a cobbler or tinker. With regard to myself, I was given to understand, by an incontrovertible chain of argument, that I was, if I pleased, perfectly at liberty to pursue, as an amateur and a *gentleman*, those studies which appeared to afford me such unaccountable satisfaction, but that if I persisted in enforcing my absurd and unjustifiable views of a descent from the lofty eminence, or rather genteel and respectable rank, in which my family had unremittingly moved, I should not only incur the lasting displeasure of all my highly born and proudly connected relatives, but that the discredit reflected, through my secession, on the ancient name of —— of —— Hall, would, in all probability, "bring down my father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."—From that day, the existence of my ill-fated genius has resembled that of Ariel in the cloven pine, and I grieve to observe that she is now dying by inches, of the cramp. Still I am led on and urged to my own destruction by the ignis fatuus of my early ambition, which with indo-

mitable pride scorns to own a vanquisher. Were I permitted the free pursuit of amateur Art, I might yet perchance renew my application for admission to enter the lists of fame. But no! My time is purposely consumed in wearisome frivolities and unmeaning insipidities. I am involved in engagements at home, to check my alarming devotion to the fascinations of "my early, my first and only love:" I am forced into society abroad, to stay the inroads of increasing melancholy. In the former I am compelled to listen to the vapid flattery of the over-haulers of my portfolio, and to endure the excruciating torture of viewing fingers and thumbs dabbed remorselessly, incessantly, over delicately executed drawings, or trailed like the obliterating track of the *helix* tribe, along the energetic, and to me valuable lines of my sketches; and in the latter, I am compelled to assort with those with whom I have neither taste, sentiment, nor feeling in common. From the overstrained thought, the blighted ambition, the perpetual harassment, I feel that the "attenuated thread" of my life must ere long snap in twain, and that, a melancholy victim of mistaken gentility, I must sooner or later succumb beneath the insidious progress of a gradual decline. My bones will rest beside those of the many honorable tenants of the old vault "embalmed in the odour," not of sanctity, but of ancient ancestry, while my disembodied spirit will flit like Slender's ghost around the narrow limits of my early sepulchre and sigh to think that from the vast mass of the *Ὅς πολλοί*, I am but distinguished by a flaming achievement on the chancel roof, and an equally flaming inscription on a mural tablet. Were I a believer in the metempsychosis of the Samian philosopher, I should infallibly hope, that my joyous spirit when set free from the thralldom of its present encumbering clay, might be permitted to transmigrate into some form which should give me the privileged entrée of the hallowed abode of Art, nay, were it only as "a door-keeper." To breathe her atmosphere were bliss—to gaze on her treasures were Elysium. My waning life passes, valueless to others, and devoid of interest to myself, save that which I derive from the perusal of such works on Art, and the inspection of such engravings as rigid economy, and miserly savings from all ungenius-like expenditure, enable me to purchase. Among the former, justice compels me, Sir, to name your Magazine, the expectation of which, from month to month, is, I verily believe, the sole link which keeps together my struggling soul and wasted body. To that I am indebted for many an hour of exquisite pleasure, and many a thrill of my ancient vigor, as I trace in its animating pages the bright steps of those for whom I have unbounded



that he is an ignoramus, for admiring what is almost beneath his attention.

Hervey, you are a sly dog, and will therefore catch my meaning at once, and know how to apply it properly. The modesty of certain folks is of a most incomprehensible nature—you understand me, and therefore I say no more on that ticklish point. But *Ma Bouderie*! at this rate I am in danger of treating it after the manner in which honest Giancarlo has served the hero of his hundred and one cantos, dropping him altogether as often as any occasion for satire presents itself. But for this timely reflection, I had perhaps ripped up a tale of scandal, and penned you a sarcastic essay upon *omnia vanitas*.

Without my telling it you, you must be morally convinced that *Ma Bouderie* is neither one of those insipid masses of brick and mortar, which figure away in advertisements as "presenting an elevation in the chastest style of modern architecture;" nor one of those respectable, frigid pieces of propriety it goes against one's conscience to be pleased with, and against one's credit to quiz. No, sooner would I consent to be knocked down myself by the auctioneer's hammer than have it the one,—sooner walk along Bond Street in a tie wig and with buckles in my shoes, than have it be the other. You know too well the contempt I entertain for things of that kind,—all very *common-sensible* enough,—commodious, neat, pleasant, and so forth, yet absolutely nullities as regards architectural taste. I am aware that it would not be difficult to show, upon the principles of utilitarianism, that this hyper-refinement on which I pique myself, is after all very absurd, irrational, and worse than all, vulgar. Be it so, what then? Their ultra rationality may as easily be proved to be opposed to universal feeling. If, indeed, it can be shown that poets are given to praise turnips rather than roses, I might be put to the blush. Well aware am I that my enthusiasm for a favorite pursuit does—nay, must appear ridiculous to many. Sorry should I be were not such the case.—Apropos of enthusiasm, I well remember that genuine burst of it in one of Barry's letters, where he says, there was but one thing wanted to render us the most glorious nation on the face of the earth—was it to pay off the national debt? or, to demolish the bench of bishops? was it to hang all the Whigs, or drown all the Tories?—No, my good simple Hervey, it was neither more nor less than that we should adopt that exquisite style of decoration practised by the ancients in some of their ceilings!!! After this, who will dare to say, that Barry was not himself a glorious fellow?

Every other species of enthusiasm, save this particular kind, may

claim flattering admiration, if not sympathy. Entire devotedness to the Arts—at least, to that which is my own ruling passion, must be its own reward, for it were not enthusiasm but madness to expect any other. To ambition, to sensuality, to avarice, to fashion, or its synonym, folly, a man may with impunity to his reputation for common sense, sacrifice all. At the worst, he is but unfortunate, certain of being pitied for his errors and his “indiscretions.”—What a world of pure benevolence, charity, and meekness do we live in, Hervey, when we find such delicate names given to intrepid stupidity, or unblushing profligacy!

For such, I would observe, there is pardon, but for a sinner like myself, the greatest indulgence I dare hope for is to be merely pointed at as a Bedlamite. Being a solitary even in my follies, I must expect to be visited with the whole of that castigation, which I should otherwise share with the rest of a class. Horrible reflection! were it not for the consolation behind it,—that the glory of the odium is all my own.

A suspicion will, perhaps, here cross you, that in spite of all this seeming bravery, I am a penitent, since few are candid enough to own their follies, till they feel their consequences. That, however, I assure you is not my case, for to the infinite scandal, I believe, of sundry would-be prophets in these parts, I am not yet ruined nor likely to be, although my hobby has for these many years past cost me a good round gentlemanly sum,—a sum that were I to put it down in figures might make even you look grave; and which, if known, would arch the eye-brows of all the matter-of-fact wise acres in the kingdom.—And “for what?” your philosophy will ask, and as promptly reply, “merely to lodge myself after my own whims.” Now out upon such narrow-minded philosophy—such dry utilitarianism! Excuse me, I am now speaking only hypothetically and not to my friend Hervey. I grant, I might have built a residence as large, perhaps larger, for—what shall I say—a thirtieth or fortieth part of the sum I have expended on this, and might enjoy a thousand meaner luxuries I now willingly forego. Now looking at the matter through the greasy spectacles of what the world calls common sense, this is, I allow, most perverse folly—*sui generis*—unaccountable. It would be even absurd in me to dispute it. Still if we but pluck up a little courage, and look the enormity full in the face, what do we discover? why, that much as we seem to differ, the world and myself, are of exactly the same opinion, that money, if not hoarded, must be spent. Sad to say, there is no alternative. The question then is—for we will leave the

hoarders out of the question—how it is to be spent? a rather puzzling one, I confess, for there are so many thousand different ways of getting rid of any decent number of thousands per annum, that it is no wonder that many hit upon more ways than they can afford, while others go to their graves without coming to any decision at all, except turning over the difficulty to their heirs, or their legacy-hunters.

As far as mere pounds, shillings, and pence go, my extravagance is not greater than that of others, even less than that of many, because it has never put me to any inconvenience. Nevertheless, even you may be of opinion it is strange that I who live in all other respects, in so very quiet and unostentatious a manner, who affect no style, and keep up no other establishment than what is requisite to maintain things in order, should have erected a mansion so disproportioned to any such mode of living. That, however, is a very prosaic way of looking at the matter: it is not as a mere place of abode but as a finished work of Art in itself, one whose beauties are not only casually examined, but ever before me, constituting a region of poetry and beauty, surrounded by an atmosphere of grace and loveliness, that I take delight in it. This enjoyment too, is quite independent of the opinion and admiration of others; because, happily for me, I can enjoy Art as heartily for its own sake as I can the beauties of nature in her most retired solitudes. Neither do I find—which you, perhaps, may require to be better assured of, that this constant familiarity with the charms and pomp of architecture diminishes their attractions: on the contrary, they seem rather to acquire fresh power from habit—at least, preserve their power of delighting quite as strongly as at first. To me they are as the azure of heaven, exquisitely beautiful to-day as yesterday; to-morrow as to-day; fraught with enjoyment that knows no satiety.

Such excessive study as mine to secure this species of gratification, must of course pass in the eye of the world for mere effeminacy, perhaps downright sybaritism. There is nothing generous, nothing jovial or jolly about it. At all events, however, I am sure that my caprices and my tastes are a great public blessing, were it only because they furnish my neighbours with an ample theme for railing, and my acquaintance with an eternal topic of remonstrance. The best of the joke too, is, that those good people inveigh all the more against my enormities, because my mania is not infectious, and consequently they may say what they list without apprehension of being checked. If there be any one likely to offer an excuse for me, it is yourself,

Hervey, and you will perhaps charitably attribute the whole of my singularity to spleen and ennui acting upon pride and reserve. Even the solicitude this very letter betrays to justify myself to you, will most likely persuade you that it arises from an irrepressible consciousness of weakness; while my occasional vivacity of style will probably appear forced and unnatural—assumed only to disguise my dullness, and to conceal some inward chagrin. Hasten then, and convince yourself how very vain your apprehensions are. Never was I less in danger of an attack of the blue devils than at Ma Bouderie. I can introduce you to a blue, but no devil—to my accomplished neighbour, Lady Sarah——a charming woman—although fair only by courtesy; in vulgar parlance, downright ugly—positively fascinating nevertheless. What mind, what intellect, what wit! Were it not that she is old enough to be your mother, I should hardly think it prudent to invite you hither, foreseeing that you would rob me of my fascinating friend. As it is, come directly: I long to see you again, after your five years absence abroad, and that you should see Lady Sarah—Stay, what am I saying? no, do not come yet, grant me another post or two, first, that I may write what I have forgotten I perceive to do now—namely, a description of Ma Bouderie. What I have already put on paper is quite enough of all conscience. Therefore not to detain you an instant longer, I merely add my adieu, and my promise for greater dispatch in my next epistle; saying with the pleasant author of *Il Cicerone*:—

“E cercherò, supplendo a quel ch'or lascio,

Di stringer poche cose in un gran fascio.”

#### LETTER THE SECOND.

Compassionating your just impatience and my own, I enter at once upon my subject; and as I am sure my dear Hervey your curiosity is piqued upon one point, I may as well dispatch that at once. Now you are wondering what tempted me to adopt for my villa, so fanciful, finical, and unclassical an appellation as Ma Bouderie. Of course its meaning is palpable enough, yet wherefore should I, who am by no means an admirer of any thing French, resort to that language for such a *man-milliner* name? For nearly the same reason that Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail. Besides, there must always be some imperfection or other in every thing; therefore, there being nothing to cavil at in the place itself, what else could I do than confer on it some name which should supply as much as is desirable in that respect.

But behold my Propylæum! in plain English, my park entrance, which I think is dignified enough to inspire you with a tolerable degree of respect, and to excite sufficiently agreeable anticipations; nor am I apprehensive that you will find it like most other great promise-makers, a great promise-breaker. It is an oblong, temple-formed structure, terminated with a pediment at each end or front, where is a carriage way between two lofty square pillars, with Ionic capitals and neckings on a circular plan. On each side of this is a narrower intercolumn between the pillar and an anta, whose face is half the width of the former; beyond this anta the front is still continued for a space equal to that of the two pillars and centre entrance, in a plain, unbroken mass, enriched, however, by a deep bas-relief beneath the entablature carried along each flank or longer side of the building. There is also a magnificent bronze tripod, bearing a lamp, on a massive pedestal placed against those parts of the front I have just described. Within the propylæum are two rows of fluted Ionic columns, in a line with the square pillars that come externally. I cannot stop now to defend the unprecedented and seemingly unjustifiable heresy of placing circular capitals upon square shafts. Yet should you, after viewing them, be disposed to battle out the point with me, you will not find me unprepared for argument. There will, however, be little opportunity for my displaying my skill that way, because, whatever prejudice you may entertain beforehand, I am sure you will approve both the effect of those pillars, and the happy contrast they produce with the columns within. To remove all doubt at once you have but to apply to your pencil—work as nearly as you can by the draught I have afforded you, and I have no apprehension as to the result. Take care too to put rich open work bronze gates in the intercolumns of the front. The interior forms a fine architectural proscenium to the landscape viewed through it, among whose deep foliage you will for the first time catch a glance of the whitening portal and columns of Ma Bouderie.

The drive along the winding margin of the lake, with its verdant islets and swans, I here omit. Fancy yourself, then, arrived at the entrance portico, and although your carriage may drive into it, I must request you to let me first call your attention to this façade. Can this solid mass of structure, you will say, with a majestic hexastyle of lofty Doric columns, and with all that pomp of sculptured wall on either side—can this possibly be a private residence? and should you be on the look-out for some objection, your first will be that it is too ostentatiously classical—that this front at least, so far from having any thing of the character of a villa, is altogether in an heroic style of

the art, fitter to crown a promontory in a Grecian landscape, than for such familiar scenery as that of an English park. Excuse me, Hervey, for thus attributing to you remarks which are not too complimentary to your taste; it is merely for the purpose of letting you see the kind of cavilling in which certain critics indulge, those, namely, who look for direct manifestations of utility upon every occasion.

The next—I will not say *your* next—objection may be to the columns themselves as not sufficiently classical—or rather as deviating most strangely from every Greek authority. You must know then, that the upper parts of their shafts, where the fluting terminates, form a deep zone between that and the capital, on which are sculptured in low relief, whole length figures supporting the echinus. Thus while the general massiveness and dignity of the Doric character are retained, a degree of richness is imparted to it, hardly inferior to, although exceedingly different from, that which marks the Corinthian order. Another thing to be observed is, that the sculptured part thus added to the capital, increases the height of the column without altering the proportions of the shaft, or rendering it so slender as in some of the later Grecian examples, where the capital is too shallow and deficient in importance. Let the sticklers for authorities and for mere names, say that this is neither Doric nor any thing else; the question most to be considered is, whether it be consistent in the character it aims at, and whether the effect be a happy one. If the critics will insist upon its being an entirely new order, although I am very far myself from arrogating to it so much merit, I should not be particularly mortified at discovering that it has been reserved for me to accomplish unwittingly what has hitherto completely baffled all who have made the attempt. In regard to mere singularity, I think I can make out a very good case for myself in what has been done by Schinkel, of whom, I am happy to find, that you are as warm an admirer as I am. But architects, or if not they, their critics, have little of Xerxes in their composition, being more likely to abuse than to reward him who would discover a new pleasure.

I foresee, however, that if I undertake to fight my way step by step, and to combat each point of criticism which presents itself, I shall never have done; reserving such matter therefore for after discussion when we are together, I will now endeavour to confine myself to mere description.

Corresponding with the three middle intercolumns of this projecting hexastyle, are as many within (forming a distyle in antæ) beyond which the portico recedes for a considerable depth, and also expands itself laterally, the whole extent of this front. Ascend-

ing a few steps, behind the second range of columns, you reach the general level of the interior which here presents itself, and which is separated into three portions by a double screen of exceedingly rich Ionic columns on either side. What it ought strictly to be denominated,—or whether it answers to any name in particular, is of very little moment. It may, if you please, be considered an enclosed and covered terrace, the whole of it being roofed, and the end divisions lighted through the lacunaria of their richly decorated ceilings, which are glazed with plates of mosaic glass. The lower part of the walls, for the length of about ten feet, are incrustured with marble, and against it are ranged statues and various antique fragments; while the space above the richly carved fascia that divides the upper from the lower portion, is covered by subjects in fresco. You will believe me when I tell you that this forms a most delightful ambulatory, in all weathers,—the more so as each of the extreme divisions communicates immediately with one of the principle apartments, by means of a window, or rather, a lofty glazed door, closed by an outer one of bronzed metal, whose folds lie within the jambs. The doorcases themselves are of marble, and highly enriched and finished, as is likewise that forming the entrance.

Perhaps you will consider it bad policy on my part to prepare you thus beforehand, instead of suffering you to be taken by surprise. I am, however, not at all apprehensive of having raised your expectations unduly, as this summary account conveys no idea of either its scenic or architectural effect,—of the variety of pictures it presents, according as it is viewed, either from the outer portico, or on first entering it, or looking out through the colonnades in front, or standing at one extremity, glancing your eye through the files of Ionic columns.

In the interior, the first feature that presents itself, is a small circular vestibule with niches, lighted through a dome ceiling, and with an open door-way facing the entrance, through which a view is obtained into a corridor or gallery. This is formed by two concentric circles, the inner one of which encloses a rotunda called the Hall of Statues, and in the angles or spandrels of the plan (supposing this ring gallery to be inscribed within a square) are four spacious semicircular tribunes or recesses, screened by columns. Corresponding with these are as many entrances, into the hall of statues, with open work doors of gilt metal, whereby a direct view is preserved, from one tribune to another, in a diagonal direction; and additional light, besides that which comes through concealed apertures above the cornice, is admitted from the inner hall, in those receding parts where it is most

required. In each of the four tribunes is a niche containing a candelabrum, and a door on either side of it.

Thus far I can give you a sufficiently clear general idea of the leading disposition of the interior, and the arrangement dependent upon it of the apartments themselves; yet were I to attempt to point out other particulars in the plan, which although simple in principle is rather complex in itself, I fear my description would prove both obscure and tedious,—or rather, tedious, because hardly intelligible. In regard to what I have described, I think that you will admit that independently of decoration, or beauty of individual forms, and component parts, there is something striking and original in the composition and outline; and that infinitely greater variety is thus obtained than would have been the case had the rotunda and gallery formed one large circular hall, with a peristyle of columns around it. Not only would the whole have then been disclosed immediately on entering, but it would have made the other parts of the interior appear small by comparison, unless the whole building were amplified in the same proportion, and so as to admit of that diversity elsewhere, which is now obtained by means of the combining yet contrasted plans of the inner hall, and the ring gallery with its pillared recesses.

Among the thousand and one fancies and imaginings in which I have indulged upon paper, and which I shall drag forth for your criticism, is one where I had carried small galleries or corridors extending from the four tribunes, and opening into smaller rotundas at their extremities, lighted similarly to the larger one from above. Yet, although the effect would have been superb, I found that the adoption of this idea would have interfered too much with other parts I had previously arranged to my satisfaction, unless I had greatly exceeded my original limits: I am therefore content with having the idea itself upon paper. One of the doors within the tribune to the left of the entrance—for I cannot yet let you off, without some further specimen of what I have actually done—opens into an ante-room communicating with my own morning room by spacious folding doors filled with plate glass, before which a drapery may be drawn at pleasure. The ante-room is several feet loftier than the adjoining one, and is lighted through the caissons in its richly ornamented ceiling; it produces therefore a piquant and brilliant effect, as viewed from the other apartment, while in return, it receives an additional charm itself from the view obtained through the window facing the folding doors. Besides this spacious window, there is another, opening into one of the lateral divisions of the portico, as before described; so that I here command a tolerable variety of scenery at least—architectural as well as land-

scape; and the former has certainly this advantage over the latter, that it can be made to display itself as well—in some respects even better by night than by day. To the admirers of nature for profession—among whom, by the bye, are some of the most artificial creatures I know of, this last remark would seem to border upon impiety—treason to their own cant at any rate. Now, in my opinion, the laws of nature, and the qualities of matter—but I beg your pardon; you do not want to learn my notions on this point, but to have me proceed with my description, or rather conclude my *Plinyizing* at once. Contenting myself, therefore, with you either to fill up the outline I have just sketched, according to your own taste; or to wait patiently till you come and see whether I have displayed any taste in my own devices, all that I will now say is, that, connected with this room is a suite of three others, forming a library and museum tolerably well stocked, as you may imagine, with, I will not say the rarest, because that is a very ambiguous epithet,—but choicest,—I leave others to add the costliest, architectural works ever yet produced. You do not however, enter immediately from the other room, but on opening the door find yourself within a little loggia—a mere passage, yet certainly a happy one in my composition, and offering a specimen of the most sumptuous style of decoration Grecian architecture admits:—rich in gilding and colors, as well as in every embellishment of detail, yet as remote as possible from the gaudy; the whole being mellowed into delicious repose—into one soft glow of harmonious hues by the friendly witchery of shade. And then what a brilliant fairy prospect reveals itself as you look out between the columns!—what a fascinating illusion! Some piece of trickery, you will exclaim; well, you are welcome to think so before hand, I defy you to say so afterwards. Can you imagine that I should be so very simple as to let you see *le dessous des cartes*, nay, even forewarn you, instead of taking you by surprise, did I not conceive that this pet fancy of mine would as far surpass your imagination, as it exceeds my power of description. Here then, I throw down my pen; and do you, after arriving at this abrupt and broken-down conclusion, throw yourself into your travelling equipage.—Let but *Ma Bouderie* behold you—you will hardly regret having beheld *Ma Bouderie*.\*

\* Truth is often more strange than fiction: a remark verified by a circumstance related to the writer some time after the above paper was begun; for, if some of the ideas thrown out in it appear more than ordinarily extravagant, they must be allowed to be rather moderate compared with the prodigality of a private individual, who, not many years ago, actually expended thirty thousand pounds in fitting up a single drawing room!

## FANCY PORTRAITURE.

THE Greeks of old worshipped Art almost as a divinity. In painting and sculpture she gave birth, rank, and station, to the deities of their beautiful mythology, she placed in vivid colors and spirited figures the mighty deeds of their heroes before them, and she was employed in every high and ennobling celebration, whether of an individual family, or of an entire and mighty nation. Ages have rolled on since then, and in these our own days, we must reluctantly own that Art is little better than a degraded name. It is not our present purpose to enquire into, and sift out the reasons of the great and strikingly apparent change, but merely to offer a few cursory remarks upon the freaks which modern art and artists have been seen to indulge in; and of which we purpose to speak under the denomination of fancy portraiture.

In expressing our opinions upon this subject, we might perhaps range far and wide; we mean not, however, to undertake so formidable a labor in the present paper, but to confine ourselves to a very narrow limit of enquiry.

We may state, in the commencement, without much fear of contradiction, that fancy portraiture was most probably fostered and cherished more than it had ever previously been, when those beautiful little volumes the *Annuals* first made their appearance among us. These seemed likely to afford a fair opportunity for the disposal of many little unfinished sketches which might otherwise have graced some quiet nook in the studio even to the present day; nor is this much to be marvelled at, when it is considered that these fancy portraits, as paintings, never could rank higher than mere outline sketches—floating ideas of pretty and picturesque beauty flitting at random through the artist's brain; evanescent and vanishing again into non-entity, almost as soon as conceived. They cannot be construed into any other shape than this, either by the artist himself, or the fondest admirer of his notions of beauty. We have seen many of these sketches from the artist's studio ready for the engraver's hands; they have been but slight dabs and patches of light and shade disposed into shape and figure, so as to form a fancy portrait, yet surely wanting all the characteristics of such, far more than the worst and vilest of the thousand and one which are annually exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy: these deficiencies and defects are however all hidden under a bushel through the care and delicacy of the engraver; when it leaves his

hands, and we examine the black and white of the matter, all the crooked appearances are made straight, and the rough ones smooth, and the original expression of the painted sketch (if it ever had one) most carefully lost and obscured—thus doing an injustice to the artist on the one hand, by giving but a faint and mocking likeness of the original, and on the other, veiling over that which is crude, coarse, and ineffective; thus dispossessing the artist of all stimulus and desire to finish off his picture more carefully or to produce something worthier of his genius, and of the ennobling Art which he follows. It encourages in him a careless and slovenly style of conceiving, arranging, executing, and disposing of the different parts of such a portrait, and every future visitor of his studio suggests to his imagination a delicious sketch for a fancy portrait in the next number of the *Gallery of the Graces*, or the ensuing volume of the *Book of Beauty*.

We marvel not at the apparent apathy which the public are said to feel towards all that concerns the true interests of art and artists, when it is remembered, that it is from such wretched specimens as those to which we have alluded, that the greater portion of the public (not perhaps the most intellectual or best informed we admit) judge of the Arts in the present day. These specimens are presented to them under a very attractive form, and at a very moderate price and they can with great success, therefore, at all times command a ready sale. Yet if we express our regret that such facts as these should be true, how much more must we not deplore the circumstances that not only led to so sad a system, but that still tend to uphold and promote it. Those too, who are engaged in gathering up all these fancy scraps, are men, who with the world, and with artists in particular, rank among those who boast of the possession of a fine and delicate perception of taste, whose keen and penetrating eye for all that is delightful and exquisite in Art, gives weight to their opinion, and whose judgment is sufficient with many to impart beauty to ugliness and symmetry to deformity. It may, perhaps, be truly said, that if we examine the names of those, who, as artists, are supposed to be engaged in the production of these Fancy Portraits, we shall not find those of any great note in the profession, and that the artist who does up one of them, has seldom or ever sufficient spirit to produce aught else out of the regular slip-slop style of sketching and daubing. We will readily and willingly assent to the truth of this argument, but against it, we must say that the old adage of example before precept, holds as good in this case as in many others.

This evil, though trifling and unimportant in itself, is yet a crying

one, when it comes to be remembered that in a general sense what is not calculated to raise and adorn the character of Art, tends of necessity to depress it; and it is the consideration of this fact (which may be almost regarded as a truism) and this only, which has led us on to the length we have gone on the subject. So long, however, as poets and novelists continue to distribute to their readers their fanciful ideas of female loveliness, so long, we are afraid, will artists be found who will be ready to adopt and sanction them on canvass—the artist and the author being, however, as widely distant of union of idea in the matter, as the most absolute necessity could make them. Fancy Portraits are doubtless very pretty things, but we can find no one portrait in either of the works referred to which deserves that appellation. The time and talent which may be wasted in the production of these bagatelles unfits the mind for higher aims; and the artist who dedicates himself to the execution of them, can never hope to soar into the loftier regions of his adopted Art. They are worthy only of that hapless tribe of beings—the contributors to ladies albums.

We do not address these remarks in a spirit of hostility to individuals: far be it from us to throw in the apple of discord where all should be unanimity and friendship. We have been actuated in what we have advanced by a wish to maintain the dignity of Art in all its grades and departments; and, as annalists of its progress, it behoves us to express our opinions freely and fearlessly on every topic connected with the subject, to which, as it may appear to us, our observations may, from time to time, be usefully addressed:

#### ON ERRONEOUS METHODS OF PRACTICE IN ART;

*Addressed to the non-professional Student.*

ARMADO. How hast thou purchased this experience?

MOTH. By my penny of observation.

*Love's Labour Lost.*

MUCH has already been said on this subject, but so fertile is the theme, that more may yet be added. Having myself a kindly feeling for the amateur, I trust the following rough hints, but friendly admonitions, may be received with the appreciation due to the offering of a well-wisher, and therefore deem a formal apology for my essay to be unnecessary.

So general is the addition of drawing to the modern list of accomplishments, that I presume, ere long, for a woman as a lady, or a man

as a gentleman, to profess ignorance of this Art, will be almost equivalent to the avowal of an incompetency to read. It is indeed an universal language; and, independently of the abstract pleasure derivable from its pursuit, its utility is obvious to any one who contemplates the facility with which an expert draughtsman exemplifies, by a few strokes and expressive touches, such forms, ideas, or scenery, as the most elaborate and circumstantial *verbe* description would fail, with equal efficiency, to demonstrate.

It does not however, follow, that because all are instructed in a particular branch of science or Art, all have similar capability to make progress. There may be many disqualifications, mental or physical, in the way of ultimate success. To those who learn drawing as they did the alphabet or the multiplication table—compulsorily, and in compliance with that system of education, which, now-a-days generalizes all intellects and levels all capacities, and who, while forcing a tortured and reluctant attention to a study which from natural disinclination they find both distasteful and irksome, solace themselves by a secret determination to relinquish the pursuit immediately on their joyous emancipation from the private school-room, or the public academy;—to such, I say, we have nothing to offer in the form of advice, beyond a strenuous recommendation to apply their minds forthwith to such acquirements as are most congenial with their native abilities, and will, therefore, the most agreeably engage a leisure hour; for idleness is the root, or one of the roots, of all evil. To those on the other hand, who feel with their increase of knowledge an increase of pleasure, the ensuing desultory observations may not be of disservice, as they are with deference, aye, and diffidence too, be it spoken, designed “to take them up where the drawing-master leaves them.”

A superficial instruction in this fascinating Art is in too many cases considered sufficient—and a few lessons from a professor, and as many copies from his examples, are looked upon as constituting an adequate title to the name of amateur artist. Not so do I regard them, and I would accordingly in this essay, endeavour, in “a plain unvarnished tale” of truth, to point out some of the flagrant errors and mistaken methods conspicuous in the after-productions of such the *soi-disant* amateur: “But,” says the youthful aspirant, “my progress is checked, my career is overshadowed by doubt—I am pronounced to be ‘finished,’ and my master has received his dismissal—I must henceforth grope my way as I can; and I have about as much knowledge as will puzzle me thoroughly.” Very true, my young friend, we will

grant ample credence to your present perplexity, and fully coincide in the opinion, that your sensations just now are not unlike those of a child essaying for the first time to walk without his regulative leading strings, nay, will add farther, that, like him, you too must expect occasionally to stumble and fall. The twilight dimness of the early dawn renders the dusky forms of surrounding objects images of terror to the strained eyes of the solitary traveller; but he is well aware, that with time and patience, the glimmering light will increase "till it shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

As it is in landscape that the more egregious blunders are, by the amateur committed, and those too with a self-complacency the most laughable and a perseverance the most laudable (were it but directed aright) and as this branch of Art has ever been the first in my affections, I shall to it confine my preceptorial dicta.

"To begin at the beginning" is the conduct of a wise man; and with firmness and steadiness to surmount progressively each impediment as it presents itself, is a presumptive proof of the future attainment of excellence. Foremost on the catalogue of indispensables stands perspective. I am not here going to run through a sonorous and well-turned paragraph on technicalities, and speak in majestic terms of "ground planes, vanishing points, stations, and distances"—nor shall I dissect the minutiae of the very simple *et ceteras* needful to those who are not like the architect, required to study this science on geometrical principles. The redoubtable name of Perspective haunts, like the night-mare, the waking visions of most students of landscape, and they vainly flatter themselves into a belief that they can manage without it. Some teachers of this *sine qua non* apparently delight in mystifying that, which, if honestly and candidly elucidated, will be found to combine in itself not only utility, but attraction and interest in no trifling degree. With the extension of knowledge a more liberal feeling is gradually diffusing itself among us—and the very able and clearly defined treatises attainable for a moderate sum, are in most cases so arranged that "he who runs may read" and understand the hitherto awful arcana of this much dreaded science. At the same time, I strongly urge that the valuable assistance of a conscientious professor be sought, that he may, by working its easy problems before the eyes of the pupil, explain away what little difficulties will unavoidably arise to retard the progress of the self-taught student. Such a one was he who in my early career impressed on my mind; so indelibly, the value and advantages of Perspective, that I must ever be beholden to him in a just debt of gratitude. The writer of this essay,

has long been removed from his observation, but should his eye rest upon these lines, and should he divine *who* or *what* is he who now traces them, he will, I am certain, derive some little satisfaction from the assurance, that in the remembrance of his quondam pupil his precepts yet glow through the dark vista of retiring years, as if written with a pencil tipt with phosphorus.

I have in my experience seen much of amateur-ship, and I may safely say, that although I have at times been called to inspect some dozens of landscapes of all sorts and dimensions, yet so acutely sensible to the accuracy and beauty of perspective has my eye become, that I have rarely, if ever, met with one done by a person unacquainted with its rules that I could have wished to redeem, however admirably it was touched up and finished in other respects. I may be deemed garrulous, prolix, and wearisome, in thus multiplying "line upon line, and precept upon precept;" be it so, my shoulders are broad enough to bear not only this, but an onus of double the weight; nor shall I, for the sake of avoiding a little censure to myself, or for the purpose of checking the admonitory yawns of my readers, flinch from the duty which I have spontaneously undertaken. Perspective then, not only lays the foundation of the structure, but fixes the key-stone of the arch. Strike it from your edifice, and the whole is disjointed. It is to the artist what thorough bass is to the musician; to each there must be a key-note of composition, a fundamental chord of harmony—the eye may be mathematically correct—the taste immaculate—the powers of transcription unrivalled—all these are in themselves valuable and requisite, but they must be strengthened and assured by a knowledge of linear Perspective, or, mark the result—the circular buildings will resemble the leaning towers of Pisa and Bologna—the square ones will liberally display as many sides as they possess, and the whole of the roof into the bargain—the arches will rival those which survived the earthquake at Lisbon, and the steeples will totter to their foundations—the rivers will most pertinaciously flow up hill, and the lakes will appear to stand on a heap like Jordan of old—the distance will infallibly step into the place of the middle ground, while the luckless fore-ground will by the twain be thrust clean out of the picture—the men will either be "as trees walking," or will like emmets crawl in the dust—the distant cattle will surpass in proportion the mammoth or the megatherion, and the near ones will look like a fresh importation from Lilliput—and in short the effect *in toto* of the rebellious landscape will be best exemplified by a reference to a genuine Nankin dish. To term a landscape thus manufactured, "a bird's eye view,"

would be as erroneous as preposterous; for to reconcile to his vision such anomalies as here present themselves, the spectator must imagine himself possessed of ubiquity, and thus at one and the same instant to survey the scene from the aerial track of the eagle, and the aqueous range of the whale.

Vanity is, I fear, but too frequently, the mainspring of amateur movements, and the balance of modesty once subverted, the consequent career is noisy, but brief. To sketch from nature, to immortalize himself, and to make the less gifted stare and wonder, are to many a pretender those inducements which lead him to encounter the annoyance of "learning to draw" at all; but as it is for his amusement only that he deigns to pursue the Art, and as he is in a prodigious hurry to avoid the stigma attached to the plodding copyist, he precipitately bids farewell to his instructor, hastily commences his "double quick march" on the road to fame, and magnanimously steps over the heads of the pioneers denominated perspective and composition. By your leave, gentle reader, we will accompany the adventurer in his perilous journey; and, while he, with his pencil, book, and Indian rubber, shall be occupied in securing for future contemplation, such landscapes as attract his notice, we will assume to ourselves the privilege of an occasional peep over his shoulder. Hill and dale, wood and water, spires and hamlets are around him; the number and charms of the many objects are alike unbounded, and the "how and the where" to select from a treasure so diversified occasion him infinite perplexity. He is of course desirous that no portion of a scene so beautiful should be omitted, and as his visual faculties by no means equal those of the circumspective fly, he finds himself reduced to the necessity of shifting his position from time to time, and turning, if not his whole body, at least his head as on a pivot; while "point of sight, horizontal line, station and vanishing points" like "panting time" toil after him in vain. His book unfortunately has a boundary line—his industry and achievement have none. He necessarily begins at the upper corner of the paper, because common sense whispers that the farthest objects must be placed the *highest*, and the nearest ones the *lowest*. His panoramic operations meanwhile demand for his continually increasing materials a space in length surpassing that afforded by a single page. With consummate wisdom he therefore obviates a difficulty so easily remedied, by commencing with the *leaf on the left*, pre-supposing a "*pons asinorum*" across the terrific ravine in the centre, and carrying with him, as by magic, the unlucky landscape, till he receives a peremp-

tory check from the abrupt termination of that on the right—as, alas! for the success of his undertaking, his labors, like those of the voyagers in the infancy of navigation, must unavoidably cease when arrived at the *edge* of the visible world! Unable, from the natural increase of his perplexities, to make the pencil tell its own tale, he has a timely judicious recurrence to the aid of his vocabulary, and the words “rocks—water—grass—trees—a road or a town,” succeed each other with a celerity truly surprising, till the ill-fated landscape is lost and bewildered in the mazy efforts of the artist and the chorographer.

“Good wine needs no bush,” says the proverb—“good sketches need no interpreter,” says the artist. We have just observed the method pursued by him, who, satisfied with a mere smattering of education, if I may so speak, throws aside the grammar as a thing beneath his notice. Let us advert for a brief moment to the “travelled monkey,” who, bit by a rage for illustrating his tour, although at home he had regarded drawing as involving a useless expenditure of time, had scarce set foot on the all-inspiring mountains of Helvetia, when he sought and obtained the inestimable aid of an itinerant artist, who readily undertook to impart to him the recipe for “sketching from nature,” without the botheration of “learning to draw,” for a consideration somewhere about the value of a franc per lesson. “Was there ever such good luck? How superior is *sketching* to common *drawing*! What a pity that ——— and ——— were in England instead of in Switzerland; such an opportunity and at such a cheap rate is seldom to be met with; and as they live in the country, and have only been taught to *draw*, ten to one if B—— does not entirely eclipse them.” Such to my great amusement were the exulting exclamations of the triumphant friends who were unanimously on the tiptoe of expectation. The sequel needs but a word. I saw the sketches of him who was regardless of drawing, and they were—hieroglyphics.

Well would it be if amateurs would have respect to the *quality* rather than to the *quantity* of their essays. “Surely,” said a young artist condemned to an hour’s purgatorial labor in turning over a lady’s sketch-book, “surely Miss ——— must work with wonderful velocity!” “Yes,” was the rapturous rejoinder of the mamma, unconscious of his covert meaning, “I assure you that a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes are amply sufficient for her!”

A favorite subject for the pencil of the amateur is the home, to which, as the place of his birth or the centre of his after-happiness, his thoughts will naturally turn “as the needle to the pole,” and not

for himself alone, but for distant and admiring friends, has he to exercise his talents on the semblance of the mansion, the cottage, or the church, the dearest to him and most interesting to them. The prototype may in itself have possessed eminent attractions, and may, even to the passing artist, have held out allurements of no common nature, but woe to the luckless production of that amateur over whose proceedings perspective hath not presided! Such was the drawing over which I long puzzled in a vain attempt to decypher the meaning of its many lines and misplaced architecture, while in sheer despair of comprehending the drift of the enormous *star-fish*, parading "rank and file" across the lawn, I was about to relinquish the inspection, when the owner kindly relieved my embarrassment by explaining them to be designed for ornamental flower-beds! Such too was another, where the ingenious manufacturer must (if he represented faithfully what he saw) have placed himself immediately in front, and within six feet of the house, and from this affectionate proximity to what was by him justly appreciated, he proceeded to delineate the dead wall, doors and windows, leaving over head a prodigious Italian cornice to conceal effectually the roof and chimneys. The house completed with no small trouble and perplexity to himself, he next contrived the introduction of the lawn, and a group of full grown figures. Of course perspective would have dictated, that, as they were standing on a level with the dwelling, they should be of a height commensurate with that of the horizontal line. On the contrary the operator must have elevated himself on the wings of "fancy and imagination" to the summit of the fir-tree behind him—for he had so ordered his forces that he looked fairly over their heads to the ground plane of the edifice.

Before quitting the subject of perspective, I may be allowed to observe that the artist has not unfrequently the satisfaction of finding that his accurate attention to the laws of this science is unavailing, in his execution of the commission with which he has been honored by the wealthy but ignorant country squire, or retired citizen. I have heard an anecdote of a gentleman who returned with indignation a drawing of his shooting-box, because forsooth the artist had not represented the circular sweep, as he *knew* it to be, perfectly round; nor could he be persuaded of the absurdity of his amendment, till Mr. ——— with admirable tact and patience "fooled him to the top of his bent," and sent him a companion view of the house standing *band side* on a *hoop* with the surrounding trees and shrubs arranged in a suitable and accordant style.

With the generality of amateurs the main object of learning to draw is to have an opportunity to dabble in paint. "Color is life," is an axiom, the truth of which few will dispute. The love of colors is inherent in our nature; and while the untutored child of savage life lavishes on the adornment of his person, the vegetable dyes and earthy pigments of his native wilds; the little master and miss in the nursery of civilization, are as beneficially engaged in ecstatically bedaubing their paper and their pinbefores with the brightly tinted treasures of the shilling paint-box. "Men are but children of a larger growth." From the infant in its go-cart, to the grand-papa on his crutches, all are alike attracted by the brilliant hue, or the glowing color—but I wander—and a philosophical disquisition would here be little to the purpose. To the point in question. It is perhaps, in the commencement of his career, more the fault of the mistaken adviser than of the youthful student, as the latter from deference, acquiesces in the erroneous notion that drawing may be neglected for the superior fascinations of coloring. Whether the case be thus, or whether in wilful blindness, the amateur, like the "Bear in a boat" of Gay, undauntedly cries

"I mock the pedantry of schools

What are their compasses and rules?

and like him is unexpectedly stranded after a brief voyage through the many coloured billows of an unfathomable ocean, the effect is equally lamentable. Take a specimen of the one and the other: "nothing like London masters my dear," says the town relative to the country girl sent up to be de-rusticated—"Mr. —— (a famous teacher) shall give you a dozen lessons in painting." "I had rather learn drawing first, because it is the easiest," says the novice. "Nonsense my love, any body can teach you that, coloring is much the prettier of the two."—"So R—— is attending you I hear," said I to a young adventurer in a previously unknown region, "of course you have made some progress in your drawing".—"Drawing indeed!" was the reply in high disdain; "no sir, I have no fancy for such stupid work; I have begun to paint in water-colors, and think that very amusing." With a quotation from Gilpin's Essays I must now conclude this portion of my own, which I do the more readily as it appears to me to form a very satisfactory peroration. "*Painting* is both a science and an Art; and if so very few attain perfection, who spend a life-time upon it, what can be expected from those, who spend only their leisure?

The very few gentlemen-artists who excel in painting, scarce afford encouragement for common practice. But the Art of sketching landscape is attainable by a man of business; and it is certainly more useful, and, I should imagine, more amusing, to attain some degree of excellence in an inferior branch, than to be a mere bungler in a superior." We will forgive the worthy old gentleman for his tautology in consideration of the wholesome truths he has endeavoured to inculcate, and by way of corollary to the foregoing, I cannot forbear repeating *verbatim* the emphatic caution of a provincial genius to a young lady of similar tastes, who, regarding with a generous and discerning spirit the theoretical and practical acquirements of this humble son of Art, overlooked the manifold disadvantages of birth and education, and applied to him without hesitation for advice and direction. "Don't ye" said he, "go for to begin *penting* afore ye can *drae*, else ye'll be all abroad—No! be sure at first of how to *drae* and how to *skitch*, and have the *horders* of Perspective at yer fingers ends—and then for the *hoils* and the varnish, the *hokers* and *humbers*! and ye'll find 'em to work sure enough *suent* and *haisy*!"

How many days, weeks, and months of every year does the amateur unprofitably consume in "closet practice," as it has been termed, thus becoming a confirmed and wilful mannerist? From the portfolios of such practitioners one specimen will ordinarily suffice for the whole; and once seen, you are sure that the same unvaried forms, the same incorrigible errors, the same tints and modifications (if such be applicable to the usually flaming hues of the amateur palette) will run through the entire lot. The most remarkable instance of mannerism which just now occurs to my recollection, was in the perverse practice of an industrious amateur, whose trees, throughout his every landscape, were fac-similes of *feathers*!—not like those of the ostrich, light, playful and curling to the breeze, but for all the world like the feathers of the green parrot! The portfolio which was lent for my inspection purported to contain "Views on the Lakes;" and as I turned from one to the other, fruitlessly hoping as I proceeded to discover an amendment, I could only sigh over the misdirected perseverance and lamentable assiduity which had led to the creation of so many graphic nonentities.

I would now request the serious attention of the youthful student, while I endeavour, though imperfectly, to complete the task I have already extended beyond its anticipated limits. Remember then, that although to a landscape painter a faithful memory is an auxiliary not to be dispensed with, yet, if you trust to that alone for directions

in the momentous procedure of coloring your drawings, and if, while you demand the produce to its utmost extent, you neglect at the same time to replenish the exhausted land, by the judicious application of the requisite supplies, you will find, when it may be a work of difficulty to eradicate them, that your valueless crops are but briars and thorns. Nor will you succeed better if you resolve, like the many who thus study in the seclusion of their apartments, to make colored drawings from lithographs or engravings. You may thus undoubtedly gather as you go many a valuable hint as regards aerial perspective, composition and *chiaro-oscuro*; but, unless you make a timely reference to the store-house of nature, I do not hesitate to say you will never become a legitimate colorist. It will but little avail you to heap your table with materials in "admired confusion," or, as I have heard has occasionally been done, in imitation of the method of Gainsborough, to cover it with artificial landscapes, in which for lack of better, coals and cinders formed the rocks! These and similar combinations may in many a case suggest to the observant artist important ideas and striking composition, and like "an accidental tarn in the modelling cloth," may by him be undoubtedly applied to advantage—but unless you perversely declare with Fuseli that "Natur poots you aout," you will not, I trust, longer delay "to study with joy her manner, and with rapture taste her style." To employ a professional phrase, a simple "*bit*" faithfully delineated, and as accurately colored, being what it purports to be, "a study from nature," will, if balanced in the scales of refined taste and cultivated judgment, cause the *cabinet curiosities* which you may have previously completed *en masse*, to kick the beam. The mechanical use of colors you must learn from the master—for the rightful adaptation you must resort to nature. Thence with an eye that is never dormant, and a mind that is always active, must you gather for yourself those precepts which can alone preserve you from an insufferable mannerism, and render your productions creditable to your talents and attractive to the impartial observer. Thus, and thus only did our "high masters of the calling" lay the foundation of the reputation which enriches their heads with a halo of glory; while, by the youthful student, the names of a Wilson or a Gainsborough are as warmly cherished and as invariably venerated, as by the ardent soldier and the dauntless sailor, are the spirit-stirring deeds of a Wellington or a Nelson.

Study then from nature—note the purple down or the gorgeous sunset—trace the career of the eddying storm as it sweeps the valley or

bursts upon the hill, while, perchance, like an Oasis in the desert, you shall discern in the distance an *accident* of light amid the gloom, that shall show you the scattered sheep "glittering in the sun as so many spangles of silver upon a mantle of green velvet." Mark the tender hues of the early spring, and the richly tinted robes of the waning autumn. Gaze on the mossy paling, the weather beaten cottage, or the mouldering ruin, as on a page replete with instruction beyond price. Think, ponder, reflect, retain; compare your own observations with the practical lessons attainable by a reference to the standards of excellence, as pointed by our "beacon lights" in the regions of Art. And when, armed at all points and fearless of danger, you are thus ready and willing to combat for yourself; when, like Vandervelde,\* you have so long gazed on the "skey" of day and the shining stars of Art, that your spirit "is steeped in the hues of all glorious things," then, when you seize with allowable enthusiasm the ready pencil and the richly charged palette, still let me, as a valedictory caution, warn you in the homely, but expressive, phrases of the aforesaid genius, "to have the *pieter* ready *pented* in your *hi*, afore you puts the *broosh* to the canvass."

#### THE BEAUTIES OF INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

"That golden age, when human bliss stands still,  
Enjoys the good without the fear of ill."

THE heart must be cold, indeed, and the sense of feeling more than obtuse, which cannot enjoy or be amused with the character of infancy or the sports of childhood. The symmetrical proportions of the human form in the adult state, are made almost exclusively the study of the sculptor and the painter, while the beauty and the grace of infancy are for the most part overlooked by them.

The infantile form, as well in its proportions, as in its actions, is as distinctly marked as either youth, manhood or old age. But it is only in the unsophisticated state of infancy, that those beautiful and natural graces are to be found, which, whether sleeping or waking, in

\* The younger Vandervelde studied the sky and its many changes with unwearied attention, and was deterred from his pursuit, neither by unseasonable hours nor unfavorable weather. His studies were made on grey paper in black and white chalk. In his vernacular idiom he termed these sketching expeditions, "going a skoying."

action or at rest are always interesting and continue to be so from its first helpless condition to the time when the faculties begin to unfold themselves.

The passion or emotion of desire seems to be the first to develop itself, and is expressed by the out-stretched hand, open palm, and divided fingers; then the beauty of the hand and arm, the roundness of the limbs as well as features, of which nothing can exceed the symmetry, are at once a model for the sculptor and a subject for the study of the painter, while their actions and attitudes, so peculiar to their age, are sources of delight and admiration to all who behold them.

It is somewhat remarkable, that only one artist, and he of comparatively modern date, should have developed the beauty and proportions of infancy. It remained for Fiamingo to shew in his models a character of infantile loveliness which seems to have escaped the practice of the ancients in sculpture as well as painting; and, among the most beautiful of ancient gems, there is but one in a collection of casts from them, belonging to Mr. Tassie, that can be found equal to the works of Fiamingo, as a subject of infant beauty. This gem, in the catalogue of the above mentioned collection, is called Acratus, supposed to express the union of love and wine. It is represented only as a bust, and possesses the same ideal beauty of infancy which the ancients gave to their figures and subjects in their adult state.

If Michael Angelo or Raphael found models in the works of the ancient sculptors for their improvement and practice, no such advantage was found among them to aid the invention or assist in the ideas, beauty and character which are seen in the works of Fiamingo. His "Infant Saviour," in a standing posture, for beauty of countenance and proportion of limb, has served as a model for every sculptor since his time, and every cast where infant grace and beauty are seen, pass for, or are an imitation of his style; nor were the powers of this artist confined to subjects of infancy and childhood. The heads of Christ, the Madonna, and that of St. Paul, are in the same pure and beautiful style of Art.

The actions of children are well deserving the study of the painter, as seen in their sports and play; all here springs from impulse: no part of education with its artificial movements or studied graces enter into them: they fling their little arms aloft in ecstasy, or stand in silent wonder, simple and unaffected in gesture and expression, and always in a manner wholly their own, and such as no imagination can either prompt or mend.

Adverting again to the early state of infancy:—when at the age of one or two months, the offspring becomes not only an object of love and fondness to its doating mother, but, if its condition allows, of vanity also, and instead of having the unswayed and unconfined use of its limbs, is rounded and bounded by the incumbrances of dress, calculated rather to disguise than show its natural and budding beauties,—alas! the poor infant, dressed out in the gauds and plumes, derives no more advantage from them than the corpse that is paraded to its grave from the feathers and trappings on the hearse that conveys it there. This again is vanity.

The graces and forms of infantile beauty are to be found in the works of Raphael, Annibal Caracci, Parmigiano, Francesco Mola, and other artists of the Italian school, but then the endeavour has been for the most part to give character and expression beyond the age and power of infancy, and truth and nature are sacrificed to sentiments of piety and devotion.

The sleep of infancy has indeed the power to create emotions of the most pure and ardent kind, and which in many instances amount to devotion. What parent, while contemplating the beauty of his sleeping infant, but must lift up his heart in anxious and affectionate regard? How often will the eye and the hand be raised in silent devotion that blessings may descend on his helpless charge, and a prayer breathed that it may be protected amid the cares and temptations which have crossed his path in life? There is so much of the spiritual in the sleep of infancy, that Fuller, in his quaint and original language, thus remarks of this vision,—

“Some admiring what motives to mirth infants meet with in their silent and solitary smile, have resolved, how true I know not, that they converse with angels, as indeed such cannot, among mortals, find fitter companions.”

But we are wandering from the purpose, our primary object being, to bring into view the charms of infant beauty, with the positive and natural graces of childhood, and to recommend them to the attention of the student.

MISERIES OF THE LADY AMATEUR.

"Oh, why did God,

Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
With men, as angels, without feminine?"

*Paradise Lost, Book 10.*

Thus spake in anger our father Adam, and thus probably responds in sorrow many a daughter of mother Eve, as with characteristic curiosity and hereditary hardihood she would fain stretch forth the hand to pluck from the forbidden tree of knowledge, and—she may not.

I allude to those restless spirits, which, lodged in a casket of nature's frailest workmanship, are, like the invisible tenant of Otranto, grown too large for their habitation.

An artistical friend once said to me, "I really compassionate ladies who are so unfortunate as to have a taste for drawing and painting, the impediments to their progress are so numerous and so insurmountable!" I had not then had sufficient intercourse with this species of the *genus graphicum* to appreciate his remark, but, from subsequent observation, I can readily imagine those ladies, whom circumstances prohibit from professionally embracing the study of the fine arts, ruminating on the ensuing catalogue of discouragements:—To be taught drawing as a matter of business, and because it is the fashion, with the proviso, however, that you are to practise that, like your other multifarious accomplishments,—“only a little.”

To be hampered and restricted in your pursuit, even of what you are permitted to attempt, by genteel friends, who, in the apprehension of your emancipating yourself from appropriate insipidity, confine you to shadowless miniatures, incomprehensible landscapes, moon-struck vegetables, or dog-star butterflies.

To be haunted, immediately on an extorted admission that you can hold a pencil, by a host of album-makers, repositorians, bazaar-belles, and “charitables” of both sexes.

To be expected to supply your private friends with illustrated card-racks, illuminated hand-screens, ornamental chess-boards, and flower-wreathed work-tables.

To be left to chew the cud of jealousy and mortification (on the

relinquishment of your art in disgust) arising from some significant observation on the ingratitude of throwing away the advantages your parents have secured for you, and the afflicting intelligence that one rival school-fellow has gained the silver Isis Medal for a head in chalks, and that another has appeared at the Royal Academy as an honorary exhibitor of a landscape in oils.

To be called from your re-vivified exertions, in the anticipation of similar distinction, by the importunate summons of domestic duty—to resign the fleeting visions of artistic honors for the sad realities of every day necessity—and to exchange the ambrosia and nectar of celestial banquets, and the prismatic vestiture of spiritual inspirations, for the gastronomic achievements of the victualling office on the one hand, or the labyrinthian details of the clothing department on the other, although you may in “sober sadness” acknowledge them to be indispensable to the vulgar exigencies of un-etherialized mortals.

To be consigned by fate to a virtual interment in the country, or to the demi-mortal monotony of a provincial town, and to know that unless you shall be relieved by the discovery of a super-human ear-trumpet, the interposition of a preter-natural telescope, or the temporary possession of Fortunatus’s Wishing Cap, you must never hope for the enjoyment of a personal intercourse with the world of art.\*

To be hurried from a delicious ramble among the flowers and sweets of a metropolitan exhibition, or an enchanting reverie on an imaginary “Graphic Conversazione,” by the wearisome attentions of a dandified acquaintance, or the harrowing interruptions of trifling disputators on the latest ball or the newest fashion.

To be allowed to possess a wonderful talent for portraiture, and to be proclaimed by one sex a *bore*, by the other a *bear*, for certain staring delinquencies of which you are perpetually guilty, in your uncontrollable avidity for subjects—your own relatives and acquaintance being too busy or too un-accommodating to oblige you with a sitting, or, having prevailed on a sturdy vagrant or two to “give you the benefit of their countenance,” to be consoled by the announcement that they had amply compensated themselves for their loss of time by pocketing a dozen or so of silver spoons in their way to and from your studio, leaving behind them, however, as the *quid pro quo*, a por-

\* As a succedaneum we would suggest the rapid improvements now making in steam carriages: “Those who live longest will see most,” but, at any rate, our amateur granddaughters may take, some ten or twenty years hence, a morning drive or rather fly, from the Land’s End or Berwick upon Tweed to Town and back to dinner, and yet have time for the exhibitions into the bargain!

tion of their late adherents—a sacrifice “more honored in the breach than the observance.”

To be inspired with a rage for the beauties of landscape, and having with difficulty obtained an escort, to the romantic and the picturesque, to be snatched by his or her impatience from a scarcely indicated sketch; or to sit on thorns while your companion chooses to sit upon the damp grass, superinducing an ague by fretting over the detention, or to encounter alone the terrors of a solitary walk through unfrequented paths, and to be scared from your studies and your propriety together by the apparition of an insolent beggar, or the intrusion of an infuriate bull.\*

To be dragged forward as show-woman to your own performances, and to stand the running fire of praise undeserved, or sarcasm unmerited, and while thus burning with the febrile tortures of the torrid zone,—while your mental quicksilver indicates the point at which *spirits* boil, on perceiving at length the approach of one (a gentleman of course) to whose *dictum* you appeal as the guarantee of your fame, to experience the excruciating revulsion of a fall below Zero, and the agonizing effect of a submersion in the frozen ocean—a result which must necessarily await you in the intimation that your best, and really meritoriously executed production, is only—“very well for a lady.”

#### THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE.

THE members of the Academy gave their private view of the works in painting, sculpture, and architecture, composing their sixty-sixth annual exhibition, on Friday, the 2nd of May, upon which occasion the rooms were visited by several persons of political and professional celebrity and family distinction, among whom we may include his Majesty's principle officers of state, and the ambassadors of the various governments abroad. On the Monday following, admission was given to the public at large.

\* We have heard of a lady who sketched on *horseback*! Might not this method be advisable under the above circumstances? At any rate it offers a more expeditious transit from the perilous approximation of a “buggabo,” whether biped or quadruped, although we own it would make a worthy companion to the notable Syntax—a Centaur sketching by Jupiter!!!

Before entering upon our review of the works exhibited, we must be permitted to make a few observations on what passed in Parliament some weeks since with reference to the purchase, by government, of two paintings, said to be CORREGGIO'S—to the selfishness manifested of late years by the Academicians in the arrangement of their exhibitions, and a variety of points connected with the National Gallery now in progress in Trafalgar Square.

Several honorable members professed themselves to be of opinion that the eleven thousand pounds and upwards voted for the first-named object had not been unwisely employed, inasmuch as the possession of those inestimable treasures tended materially to the improvement of our native artists, and it was with great simplicity conceded by MR. ROEBUCK and others, that the expenditure of such a sum, large as it was, and much as it might be wanted for other purposes, would not be grudged by any of his Majesty's subjects, considering that it was ventured upon with so laudable a motive:—all of which we must take the liberty of saying was very absurd, and much of it untrue. Our countrymen who have embarked in the slow and arduous profession of the Fine Arts, need not these costly acquisitions at the expense of the nation: it is our aristocracy who covet them: they are blinded by a lurking propensity for old pictures which nothing can control, and it is to this circumstance, perhaps, more than to any other that the present depressed state of art in England is ascribable. It seems to us rather too much, then, that artists, to whom we will take upon ourselves to say these bargains are less acceptable than to any other branch of the community, should be made indirectly responsible for the expense of them. We do not presume to doubt that the MARQUISS OF LONDONDERRY did, in more prosperous times, give a large sum for the works in question, nor do we pretend to know that any picture dealer made a little fortune by his agency in the business, but the jobbery so notoriously practised in such matters renders us suspicious. In the enumeration of the public virtues of GEORGE THE FOURTH, his encouragement of the Fine Arts is ever instanced by his partizans as the first. That monarch, however, much as he patronized the dealers by the purchase of old pictures, did nothing—literally nothing—for modern art, beyond the employment he gave to that—after all,—very mediocre portrait painter SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE. Our native students know all that is necessary of the old school, and could dispense with any additional examples. Art, as the term implies, is an attribute not communicable from mind to mind, but innate. Minute pencilling is rather the fruit of a quick eye and an

obedient hand than of a gifted intellect, and works produced by such means have been not inaptly termed starved, labored, fatigued, and the like; but the fine poetical effects which equally surprise us by their simplicity and truth, such as are everywhere discernible in the productions of MURILLO, REMBRANDT, and REYNOLDS, may be regarded as the emanations of genius. The specimens we have of the old masters do not appear, however, to operate with the least advantage on the minds of the British public, for their partialities, as manifested in the purchases they make of modern works, are invariably for the flimsy and vapid creations of elaborate heaviness and paining mediocrity. The utility of the Royal Academy was questioned by one of the honourable speakers, MR. EWART, upon the occasion alluded to:—he could see, he said, no good that it had ever done. The friends of the establishment ask, in reply, if it be nothing to afford instruction to pupils—to give away books and silver medals occasionally to the *bene merentes*, and, once in a lustre, to send a student to Italy. This certainly is something, but we can hardly conceive how, by any possibility, it could be less, and unprepared as they are to shew that as much could not be achieved without the assistance of the academy as with it, the advocates we allude to, would have done better to rest their defence of it on other grounds. If they could have proved to our satisfaction—which, we fear, it would have puzzled them sorely to do—that it is to the care of the Royal Academy we are indebted for the choice productions of REYNOLDS, WILSON, GAINSBOROUGH, HOGARTH, and BARRY, or those of WILKIE, MARTIN, HAYDON, CALCOTT, and TURNER, it would have been a point established in favor of that much abused institution worthy of the most serious attention.

"Sint Mecænates non deerunt, Flacce, Maronés."

Give our artists that encouragement, which, in an opulent country like this, they have a just right to expect, and they will need neither academies nor any other indulgence which can add any thing to a debt whose amount is already sufficiently disgraceful. To judge by our success as a commercial nation, it would not appear that we are in any degree inferior to the Italians, the Dutch or the Spaniards in natural sagacity or perseverance, and there is no reason to doubt, that the same stimulating cause which has enriched us as manufacturers, would, if tried, render us respectable as artists.

We regret to see that MR. EWART has postponed his intended mo-

fion, touching the Academy and its influence on the Fine Arts till another session, as the enquiry it might have originated would have served to regulate his Majesty's government in the appropriation of the new building; the delay will, however, afford time for preparation, and we trust that parties having the necessary information, and whose rank in the profession is sufficient to give weight to their statements, will communicate with Mr. EWART during the recess, and take care to put him in possession of such facts as may further the object he has in view.

We now dismiss the academy in its corporate capacity to offer a few remarks on the individual merits of its members, which we shall endeavour to do in that strict spirit of fairness and impartiality which we could wish, for their own sakes, they may consider worthy of imitation.

Unable to compress the whole of our notes into a single paper, we give, as we have made them—without attention to numerical arrangement.

No. 199. *Wreckers—coast of Northumberland, with a Steam-boat assisting a Ship off shore*—J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. Ludolph Backhuysen is said by his biographers, to have been in the habit of putting off to sea in the most tempestuous of weather, that he might behold the waves mounting to the clouds, or dashing against the rocks; and, it might be imagined, from the fearful accuracy with which he describes them, that Mr. TURNER has resorted to a similar mode of study. There is perhaps no branch of the art which presents a wider field for exaggeration than that of marine-painting: in this performance, however terrific the effect of it, there is nothing so overstrained or excessive as to suggest to the mind of the spectator a doubt, whether, in the realities of life, extraordinary as they often are, a scene so appalling could by possibility have been witnessed: on the contrary, it is one of the most natural representations that ever came from the hands of this, or any other master.

No. 123. *Ariadne*—SIR M. A. SHEE, P.R.A. To the classical reader, who is of course familiar with Ovid, and will have read the beautiful poem from which the subject of this picture was probably selected, the intense sorrow, as seen in the countenance of Ariadne upon the occasion of the flight of Theseus—

“When out of sight the vessel flew  
And shut her lover from her view,”

will not appear a forced, but a just and well conceived illustration of

the passage to which it applies. It is true the sympathies of many might be more powerfully awakened at the distress of a younger and more beautiful heroine, as the artist might, with equal propriety, have painted his Ariadne, but, on the other hand, there are doubtless those also to whom one that is mature in years and susceptible of stronger impressions, may appear still more worthy of commiseration. We are ourselves disposed to be satisfied with that view of the subject which has been here adopted by Sir Martin, though probably he has been influenced in the selection of his model, by a wish to transmit to posterity the features of some esteemed member of his family or acquaintance.

No. 168. *Friar Lawrence, Romeo and Juliet*—H. P. BRIGGS, R.A. In the absence of NEWTON and LESLIE, who have so often enriched this exhibition with scenes collected from the varied pages of Shakespeare, a subject of a similar class has here been attempted by the new academician, BRIGGS, but we regret to say with very inferior success. The spiritless countenance of Juliet, were that the only objection to it that could be fairly urged, would alone be fatal to the composition; but it is altogether destitute of the higher qualities of art, and serves to mark rather the retrogradation than the improvement of the artist. The hand of Romeo resting on his hip, is an affectation Mr. BRIGGS has so often repeated that we should suppose he might by this time accomplish it blindfold.

No. 122. *Not at home*.—We have here a beautiful example of that master spirit whose creations in the graphic art have shed so much lustre on his native school—the incomparable WILKIE. His portraits of such personages as the Queen and the Duke of Wellington, may be vaguely carped at by needy competitors and incompetent or interested writers; but of a work of this description, which interferes not with the “vested rights,” as we presume high patronage in portraiture is considered by those who had proclaimed themselves the only fit successors of OWEN, JACKSON and particularly LAWRENCE, we should hope a more liberal opinion may be not only entertained but even expressed. With respect to the story of the picture, the artist judiciously leaves something to the fancy of the spectator to supply. It represents a footman, evidently well schooled in the part he has to perform, answering the interrogatories of a homely, but opulent-looking, visitor from the country—a creditor of his profligate master it may be supposed, who appears lolling at the window with a cigar in his hand. The effrontery of the latter is admirably described. The querist has in all probability seen him—may do so

again if he will only take the trouble to turn his head, and under these circumstances it is his (the master's) pleasure to watch the proceedings at the door—to see with what grace his rascally fellow will acquit himself, and with what patience the asseveration which he has just dictated, namely, that he is “not at home,” will be received. The figure of the domestic presents a perfect specimen of the class to which he belongs. He is the hero of the piece, and so felicitous a personation of the character, that we think we recognize in him the prototype of “The Lying Valet.”

Of the treatment of this little incident of what is called fashionable life, we may observe, that it is in that fine, broad, masculine style which first characterised the works of the master on his return from Spain, and that it manifests a carefulness of execution which proves him to be no less jealous of his future fame than worthy of present patronage and applause.

No. 371. *David Deans*—J. P. KNIGHT. A little subject, chosen from Scott's “Heart of Mid-Lothian,” and painted with that pathos and power which have distinguished the majority of Mr. KNIGHT's productions in the same walk.

No. 194. *Editha and the Monks searching for the body of Harold*—W. HILTON, R.A. The insufficiency of the walls of the Royal Academy for the purposes of an exhibition is well known, and to justify the occupation of so material a portion of them, as was required for this extensive performance, something very extraordinary in the treatment of it should have been exacted by the committee entrusted with the hanging; but really we see nothing in it to surprise us beyond an immense consumption of cloth and color. In speaking of the Battle of Hastings, the chronicler informs us that a corpse found stripped of its armour, was so disfigured that the monks were unable to distinguish it from others who had fallen, and that, in this emergency, they had recourse to Editha, “the lady with the swan's neck,” who, with the keen eye of affection, at once recognised in it the remains of her lover,—and such is the incident chosen by the artist for illustration under the above title.

In considering the merits of a work of this magnitude, the first question that naturally suggests itself to the doubts of the spectator, is,—whether the subject of it is of so comprehensive a character, as to be worthy of the labor expended upon it, and the space it may be destined to engross in the gallery of the collector. With respect to the one under consideration, we are disposed to think not. The search for the body of the English king was made, it appears, by the

light of torches—a circumstance which has precluded the adoption, by the artist, of a tone of coloring so essential to the general beauty of the composition, and really we see nothing in the transaction referred to more than an incident of possible occurrence, which might have been just as well represented with one tenth part of the parade. Had there been a combination of historical matter to warrant the introduction into the scene of a multitudinous assemblage of objects, the provision of so ample an extent of material might have been desirable, and, in fact, indispensable, for the accommodating of forms to the exigencies of a canvass is an expedient never to be allowed; in the present case, however, we have nothing of the kind, and were the painting, on general grounds, one of the highest pretensions, we should for our own part, attach, as a consequence, no additional value to it were it even of double the size that it is. With respect to the taste in which it has been conceived, we should say, that the form of Harold exhibits no such marks of disfigurement as are called for by the text of the historian—nothing so revolting as to account for the conversion of the features of Editha into an expression of such thorough hideousness as that which the artist has given her. Our contemporary of the *Athenæum* remarks, upon this point, that “there is a gracefulness in grief as well as a decorum in painting which should not be forgotten,” a sentiment in which we perfectly coincide. The proportions of the royal corpse are drawn with due attention to anatomical correctness; but, upon the whole, we confess we do not recognise in this production a prodigy of excellence, which, in the event of its being returned upon the hands of its author, may be pointed to by the forty, as an additional evidence of the apathy of the public.

No. 400. *Interior of the Gallery at Florence*—S. DAVIS. We have here another of those beautiful interiors which contribute so materially to the interest of the exhibitions of the British Institution, and the Society of British Artists. The Florence Gallery is a magnificent structure, and as one of the most celebrated receptacles of art in Europe, our readers should not lose the opportunity thus afforded them of viewing it.

No. 13. *Scene of the olden time at Bolton Abbey*—E. LANDSEER, R.A. We have here an exemplification of what we have stated in our preliminary remarks, with respect to the superior efficacy of patronage in the furtherance of the interests of art. MR. LANDSEER had the good fortune, at the very commencement of his career, to be freely and liberally encouraged, and that good fortune has never since forsaken him; but, had his earlier claims on the public atten-

tion been neglected, the probability is, that instead of advancing, under the cheering auspices of a noble house, to the eminence he has done, he would have struggled for a season, retrograded, and, by degrees, dwindled, like a thousand others, into obscurity.

In this delightful picture, we hardly know which to approve the most,—that portion of it to which Mr. L.'s attention has been so long directed, namely—the animals—the dogs, the buck, the fish and other objects in the fore-ground,—or the figures, to the representation of which, excellent as they are, his hand has been comparatively little accustomed. The girl, with the exception of a slight defect in her right eye, which appears to us to approach to blindness, is one of the most interesting little models in humble life we ever saw, nor can we speak less approvingly of the figure of the abbot. The servant kneeling we could wish away, as he rather disturbs the repose of the picture; moreover, the figure is the same Mr. LANDSEER has introduced into two or three of his previously exhibited works, and with little or no variation, either in the attitude or the dress. The offerings distributed on the floor, are over-numerous, and seem to require concentration, a circumstance arising from a desire in the artist to include, even to prodigality, specimens of his skill in the delineation of the various animal tribes. As an entire, however, the piece is the finest he ever painted, and may be justly referred to as a triumph of British art.

No. 211. *Portrait of an Arabian*—J. WARD, R.A. In many of the works exhibited by Mr. Ward we observe a ridginess of texture and a hardness of outline which we might designate rather his manner than his style—a distinction we make between the practice which is habitually wrong and that which, with certain modifications suggested by a discriminating taste, is uniformly right. We may refer to No. 34. *Duncan's Horses* and No. 290. *The Yeldham Oak*, as examples abounding in those peculiarities to which we object; in this simple portrait, however, they are much less apparent, and the performance is, in other respects, so masterly, that we may pronounce it as one of the very best of its class contained in the exhibition.

No. 244. *Throwing the casting net*—F. R. LEE. One of those rich umbrageous scenes in the style of Ruysdale, which, without approaching it so closely as to expose himself to the charge of plagiarism, or even imitation, this rising artist has cultivated with so much success. The stems and foliage of the trees in the fore-ground, the bank in the distance, and indeed the whole of the details are painted with the truth, and grace, and freshness of nature. In No. 270. *Showery*

*Weather—Scene in Kent*.—Mr. LEE has not been quite so fortunate; we there observe something of that baldness which occasionally operates as a drawback on the general merits of his landscapes.

No. 261. *Portrait of Captain Ross, K.S. R.N.*—B. R. FAULKNER. Of all the portraits exhibited of that enterprising character, Capt. Ross, we have seen none that will bear any comparison with this. Mr. FAULKNER has another portrait (No. 414), which, with the exception of those by WILKIE and ETTY, is perhaps superior to any of the lady portraits in the gallery.

No. 21. *The Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore*.—C. STANFIELD. In this, his minor production, we recognise STANFIELD'S *chef d'œuvre* of the season. He has a larger work in the school of painting (No. 249. *The Piazza di San Marco, Venice*), but the effect of the latter is certainly less felicitous, and in saying this we are but echoing the opinions of some of his warmest admirers. *The Isola Bella* is painted with much clearness, and, in spite of the glittering objects with which it is surrounded, arrests the attention of the spectator in a manner that argues its close adherence to the truth of nature.

No. 74. *Portrait of Mr. Justice Bosanquet*.—H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. Of the several portraits exhibited by Mr. P. we consider this by very far the best. It appears to us a little dirty in color, but the expression is intellectual and the attitude free from affectation. In No. 81. *Portrait of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart.*, a whole length, the artist has signally failed,—not in the resemblance, perhaps, for of that we are unable to speak,—but in the production of a portrait that can tend in any way to uphold the character of the English school, even in what has been not inappropriately called its “staple.” The frame of Sir Rowland is too colossal to look well in an upright position, as seen on canvass, inasmuch as the face, which should be the *pars maxima* of the work, is thus rendered, if not absolutely insignificant, at least a point of very inferior attraction. The flesh, at the distance from which we see it, appears to us to be as coarse in texture as it is dry and disagreeable in color, nor is the drapery or the back-ground of a quality to make any compensation for the more vital defects we have presumed to notice. Upon a review of his works generally, we should say, that MR. PICKERSGILL has not this year been so efficient as usual.

No. 96. *A Highland Breakfast*.—E. LANDSEER, R.A. To make the subject of this little picture level to the understanding of the more distant portion of our readers, we must explain to them what might have been expressed in the catalogue, namely, that it represents

a group of curs lapping their food from a vessel which has been provided for their joint accommodation; a scene, which it were superfluous to observe might as probably have been witnessed in the lowlands of England as in the Highlands of Scotland. The whole is painted with LANDSEER's accustomed minuteness and more than his ordinary fidelity to the effects of nature, though the tone of his compositions is rarely seen so low.

No. 325. *The Festa of Pie di Grotta*—T. UWINS, A. R. A. This work portrays a party of Italian peasants returning from the Grotto of Pausilippo, where they had been before sun-rise to pay their devotions to the Madonna. Some of the figures are very graceful and pretty, while the landscape faithfully describes the scenery belonging to the subject. As a whole, we like it better than any picture we have seen of this new associate's for some time.

No. 351. *Installation of Captain Rock*—D. M'CLISE. A subject chosen from the Tipperary Tales. Our readers doubtless recollect Mr. M'CLISE's picture of *Allhallow Eve* exhibited last year; it was a scene of Irish revelry. This is a work of a similar character, abounding in figures engaged in all sorts of dissipation and excess; and although the subject may be, and is, somewhat coarse and vulgar, the way in which it has been handled tends to confirm us in the opinion we had conceived of the executive skill of the artist, whose facility in the drawing and grouping of multitudes appears to us to be quite unequalled.

No. 286. *The quarrel scene between Cardinal Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham*—S. A. HART. The scene which Mr. HART has here undertaken to represent, where Wolsey declared

" Buckingham  
Should lessen that big look —"

is one which called for the exercise of no ordinary powers. The features of the Cardinal may be supposed to have assumed an expression of fierceness upon the occasion referred to, which would test them to a considerable extent; independently of this, however, the historical details connected with the subject have required the most careful and patient consideration, nor are we disappointed in the result. The head of Wolsey is finely conceived and painted; that of Buckingham is equally so—perhaps even better—and the attendants, though less prominent in the piece, are introduced with a propriety worthy of the highest commendation. We do not recollect Mr. HART to have attempted any thing of this magnitude before, and are glad to hear that his labors have been rewarded as they deserved.

No. 316. *Recollection of the Campaign of Rome*—A. W. CALCOTT, R.A. Of the numerous works exhibited by Mr. CALCOTT this season, we find none more to our taste than this: it is one of those little long compositions of his, embracing a wide expanse of flat Italian scenery, in the representation of which, and similar subjects, he has so greatly excelled. The figures introduced at either extremity are executed with taste and freedom, and, upon the whole, a more delightful picture of its class is scarcely to be desired.

No. 110. *Portrait of Miss Louisa H. Sheridan, Author of "Comic Offerings, &c."*—J. WOOD. An authentic transcript—as we presume this to be—of the features of a lady, whose pen has contributed so much towards the agreeable dissipation of our evening hours during the dreary interval of winter, was surely entitled to a place in the exhibition where they could be better distinguished: but the hanging committee have decreed otherwise, and all we are permitted to see of the fair editor, is an outline of the fine and ample proportions belonging to her figure. We can imagine the reluctance of Miss Sheridan to part with a name so celebrated as that to which she has succeeded, or we should find it difficult, although we cannot obtain a more satisfactory view of her, to account for the circumstance of her remaining in "single blessedness" so long.

No. 89. *Portrait of John, fourth son of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart.*—J. PARTRIDGE. A showy little picture, but destitute of grace and refinement, though a palpable imitation of SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE. The head, as compared with the infant shoulders beneath it, would seem to be more consistent with the huge proportions of the late Mr. O'Brien, the Irish giant.

No. 322. *Portrait of the late Sir John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh*—D. WILKIE, R.A. One of those powerful, though diminated copies of strongly marked humanity which proclaim themselves, at a glance, to be from the hand of WILKIE. The friends of Professor Leslie may well be proud of such a portrait.

No. 27. *Countess Nelson*—G. SANDERS. Some of the portraits sent to the exhibition by this artist might surely have been dispensed with, as they are mostly whole-lengths of persons known to the public only by their titles, and all of them indifferently executed. This of the Countess Nelson is exceedingly feeble and ineffective.

No. 33. *Portrait of Countess Howe*—Mrs. W. CARPENTER. A work of very great merit, particularly as regards the drapery, which is surpassed by nothing in the room.

No. 52. *The Fountain of Indolence*—J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. In this beautiful fiction—for so we think we may with propriety term it—a fiction of art, the painter has put forth the utmost powers of his mind and pencil. A more gorgeous specimen of his genius never came before the public. Some would condemn the more recent productions of this academician, on the ground that they do not faithfully represent the face of nature; but such, we would observe, is by no means his aim. The painter who transfers nature to canvass in her literal form is as different from TURNER as the historian from the novelist or the poet. As the fabulist conceives and frames his essays, so does TURNER invent and compose his pictures, which possess all the vivid and fairy-like figments of a dream. No. 75. *The Golden Bough*, is another of his imaginary, but artist-like conceptions to which we would especially direct the attention of our readers.

No. 20. *Portrait of Miss Horne*—Sir W. BEECHEY, R.A. Looking at the aggregate, we cannot conscientiously award a very liberal share of praise to the specimens of portraiture exhibited on this occasion; in the pleasing likeness of Miss Horne, however, we may point to one of the best among them, and we are rejoiced that Sir William's health and faculties have withstood the effects of time as this performance would seem to imply.

No. 25. *A hollow pass in Romsdal, between Bergen and Drontheim in Norway*—J. EZDORFF. It is said, but with what truth we leave others to determine, that the four landscapes exhibited by this alien, have been placed in the prominent situations in which we find them, at the instance of an illustrious lady. That exalted personage must have heard, we should suppose, of the extreme dissatisfaction of our native exhibitors at the conduct of the academy with respect to the treatment of their own productions, and it is not likely, we conceive, that she could have been so indiscreet as to use any undue influence in a case of so much delicacy: but, be this as it may, there was no necessity for the Academy to carry its complaisance so far. A decent situation for one of Mr. EZDORFF's inferior landscapes, more particularly as they do not materially differ from each other, would have been all that could be reasonably expected. The Academy, however, were but too glad to accommodate in this case—too much alive to what they believed to be their own interests, to neglect so plausible a pretext for thrusting their countrymen into the dirty holes and corners of an institution, which, though founded for the benefit of the nation at large, they seem to conceive they have a right to appropriate exclusively to

themselves. We wish to say nothing uncivil of Mr. EZDORFF or his four landscapes, but, of the latter, we are bound to remark that they fall far short of that standard of merit to which they should attain to be entitled to critical attention.

No. 19. *Portrait of William Wordsworth Esq.*—H. W. PICKERSGILL, R. A. The displeasure manifested by the Honorable member for Liverpool, in common with many others, at the too great predominance of portraiture at these exhibitions, was, we are persuaded, never incurred by a well executed representation of a man so distinguished by his talents as Wordsworth, and accordingly, the present, which is one of that description—a quiet, unaffected picture and correct likeness, will call forth no observation from any quarter that is not alike complimentary to the artist and the poet.

No. 133. *The Morning Lesson*—W. COLLINS, R. A. We doubt whether, in the specimens exhibited this year, Mr. COLLINS has been quite so happy as usual. He is always simple and natural, more particularly in his treatment of rural subjects, but, with respect to this little composition, we are of opinion that its chief excellence lies in the back-ground—a landscape—which has been conceived and executed in the best possible taste. The children are admirable as regards the grouping and expression, but the coloring of their faces and hands reminds us rather of the deep hue of senility than of the nut-brown ruddiness of childhood.

No. 37. *A Portrait*—W. ETTY, R. A. It is worthy of observation how instinctively the members of the English Academy, much as they may have signalized themselves in a higher department of the art, resort, sooner or later, to the "staple" of portraiture. ETTY, whose excellence in the historical and poetic branches of study was but the other day the theme of popular applause, is a remarkable instance of this extraordinary tendency. He had several portraits in the exhibition lately closed in Pall Mall; here again he has two more, and these are all; not that we would complain of him for having sent the latter; far from it, for more masterly heads do not grace the collection. *The Cardinal* (No. 90) is painted with extraordinary power, but the subject being less pleasing, we give the preference to this, his beautiful blonde.

No. 282. *Forest and Sea-shore, South Sweden*—J. C. EZDORFF. The arrival of these large, interesting, and heavy looking landscapes of Mr. EZDORFF's must have been hailed by the Academicians as a perfect god-send. The opportunity afforded them—in the extension of courtesy which their generous natures prompted to a stranger—of

disengaging themselves from the importunities of their advancing brethren—not Academicians—was, as we have just intimated, too golden an opportunity to be thrown away.

No. 408. *The Burial of Lieut-General Sir John Moore*.—G. JONES, R. A. Horace, with that comprehensiveness of mind which belongs to men of extraordinary genius, knew so much of pictures that he might be almost suspected of having been on the hanging committee of a Roman Academy of Art. In his *Epistola ad Pisones* he expresses himself in the following words:—

“ Ut pictura potius erit ; quæ si propius stes  
Te capiet magis ; et quædam, si longius abstes.  
Hæc amat obscurum : volet hæc sub luce videri,  
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen ;  
Hæc placuit semel : hæc decies repetita placebit.”

It has been stated—by the MORNING POST, we believe—that in deference to public opinion and the public wish that something should be conceded by the Academy to exhibitors not within the pale of that institution, Mr. JONES placed his principle picture in an ineligible situation, while Mr. MULREADY, actuated by a similarly disinterested motive, withheld himself altogether for the season: the latter gentleman, however, never by any chance exhibits a picture larger than the palm of the hand, and whether this work of Mr. JONES's were hung on the line or not, the difference could have been scarcely felt, for the size of it is unworthy of consideration. The fact is, we apprehend, that Mr. J. had the sagacity to discover, on proceeding in the arrangement of the exhibition, that his representation of the *Burial of Sir John Moore* appertained to the third portion of the scale laid down by the poet—that

“ amabat obscurum”

and we may compliment him on his penetration.

No. 377. *Shepherds and their flocks in the Campagna of Rome at sun-set, the full moon rising behind the Alban Mount*.—J. SEVERN. It may be remembered that this talented young man received the gold medal some years since, a success which entitled him to three years residence at Rome at the expense of the Academy, and this sapient body now stultifies its own proceedings by exhibiting the pictures he sends home in the most inferior situations they can give them. Last year they buried the best thing he ever painted in the library, among the architectural drawings, and, on this occasion, we find his single contribution,—for he never troubles them with more than one at a time—

in a part of the ante-room where it is so imperfectly seen that we shall refrain from entering, or rather attempting to enter, upon its merits.

We wonder that a few of the more elevated and enlightened of the members have not made an effort to rescue the ACADEMY from the opprobrium which has been cast upon it; for of all our public institutions, however tainted with the prevailing vice of favoritism and intrigue, we know of no one more openly, and, as it appears to us, more justly accused of it than this; unless, perhaps, its little appendage in Pall Mall. SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE and a few other independent spirits, might have done themselves credit by insisting on an extension of liberality on the part of their less talented colleagues, with whom it is likely, nay certain, the mismanagement complained of resides: the evil is rapidly working its own cure, and now at length, now that it is a little too late, we believe they are themselves beginning to perceive it.

#### ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.

WHAT most of all strikes us this year, in the architectural department, is the entire absence of most of those who have on former occasions contributed to its éclat. Something of this falling off was observable last season, but by no means was it so decided as in the present exhibition. In vain do we look for a single drawing by BARRY, BLORE, D. BURTON, COCKERELL, DEERING, PAPWORTH, PARKE, ROBINSON, WILKINS, WYATVILLE, &c.; neither are there any designs by the Professor of Architecture, who has for so many years helped most liberally to clothe the walls of the "Library." Whether it be that the above-mentioned gentlemen are generously disposed to leave the field entirely open to their juniors; or are more profitably engaged than in making *show* drawings, they best know; yet, in the latter case, we think they might as well have let us seen on paper some of the things they are executing in more solid materials; especially as drawings made by others answer the purpose as well as if executed by themselves. Instead of this, not even those few architects who are members of the Academy, have lent it any active support this year. Of course nothing was to be expected from SIR ROBERT SMIRKE, for we have never once seen a drawing by him during the whole period of our annual visits to Somerset House. We do not affect to regret this excessive coyness and reserve on his part, but merely think it odd that he should have accepted, or choose to retain, a seat among a body whom he does not care publicly to countenance in any shape. Most certainly the Academy appear rather

shy of admitting architects among them; but then those who are admitted are quite as shy in their turn, and may be said to turn their backs both upon "*themselves*" and the Academy too. Last year we were not at all surprised to find that WILKINS exhibited no drawings of his "*National Gallery*," because, just at that time, the public voice ran so strongly against him, that it would have been hardly politic to call further attention to the subject, or to make any premature disclosure; yet now, that the violent hubbub has ceased, the building is rapidly and quietly advancing, and the model of it has been publicly exhibited, it is rather extraordinary that he should not, for his own sake, have chosen to display the design in the most attractive and advantageous manner possible, by a drawing, upon such a scale as would have clearly shown all the beauties of finish and detail. By so doing, he would, in our opinion, have vindicated himself more successfully than by any other step; and that his not doing so is not occasioned by any reluctance to submit his design to further criticism, is very evident from his having furnished the Athenæum with drawings, from which that journal is about to give wood-cuts, necessarily very limited in size, and, however cleverly executed, very inadequate for showing the delicacies of architecture.

Here we must cut short our comments and conjectures in regard to what is not to be seen, and proceed to say something respecting what is really to be looked at. Although there are no drawings by Sir J. SOANE, there are, among the models in the Council Room, two after his designs, viz. No. 870. for the *Buildings at Whitehall, North and South of Downing Street*, and No. 871. of the *New State Paper Office, as originally designed*. We cannot say that the former of these is at all to our taste, as far as relates to the now proposed termination at either extremity, where an additional order is introduced above, while the columns of the lower one are insulated and brought very forward, each of them supporting a deep projecting break in the general entablature, so that the windows in the parts between them seem to be shut up in recesses. So far, too, is this idea from manifesting any particular novelty, that it is merely the adoption and revival of a now exploded barbarism; in fact, so applied, the columns would look like cumbersome, awkward excrescences, than even like mere superfluous ornaments. We are not, however, greatly apprehensive of the plan being ever carried into execution, because we do not perceive how it is possible to carry on the present line of buildings in a perfectly straight direction, northwards, (nor did we observe any angle here in the model) without encroaching considerably upon

the street. Even the pavilion corresponding with that at the corner of Downing Street, cannot be proceeded with on that account; and it certainly was a very strange oversight in the first instance, that the architect should not have attended to his inflection in the line of the street, and so adapted his plan that by merely pulling down he might have obtained a straight line for the whole extent required. No. 871. the *New State Paper Office*, differs very little from the building actually executed, which we consider by no means the worst of Sir John's works; for, while it gives us so many of the peculiarities of his style, it is free from those fancies and whims in which he has indulged more than could be wished, and is far more consistent throughout than many other things by him which might be mentioned. There is something particularly happy and pleasing in the basement; and although there is very little that strikes at first sight, or that is calculated to attract the ordinary observer, it is a piece of architecture that will well repay attentive examination. Of the other models in this room we cannot report very favorably: little did we perceive to admire either in MR. INWOOD'S *Church now building at Great Marlow*, or in MR. BEDFORD'S *Chapel submitted to the General Cemetery Company*, both being very "so-so," common-place specimens of the Gothic style.

The defection of those whose drawings generally proved the strongest points of attraction to us, has already been noticed: would that we could add that their places have been effectively supplied by other and newer names; so far from such being the case, our attention was caught by hardly a single drawing with the name of a new exhibitor attached to it. To be sure there are very many subjects mentioned in the catalogue we had no opportunity of judging of, they being so placed that it is impossible to discern what they are. How, in fact, can it be otherwise, when all the smaller drawings are hung either quite up at the very top of the wall or just against the floor? Nothing can justify such a preposterous and palpably absurd system; for, if the space allowed will not admit of a more satisfactory arrangement, common sense, one would imagine, would inform any one that it is of no service whatever to hang up things that cannot afterwards be seen. Miniatures might just as well be hung in the same situations as small architectural drawings, of which not even the subject can be made out. We were rather anxious, for instance, to look at MR. BARNES'S design for a *Royal Exchange*, having heard from those who saw it at the Architectural Society's *Conversazione*, that there was a good deal of originality in it, but it is soaring so

loftily somewhere in the upper regions of the room as to be quite out of sight; what kind of a thing therefore it really is, it is impossible for us even to guess. On the other hand, we must confess, that of the performances we could examine, there are more than one of which we might have been disposed to think more highly, had we been compelled to view them from a more imposing distance.

Amongst these latter, we are afraid, we must reckon those by GANDY. On one or two occasions we have seen some magnificent things by this artist—a little too outré and chimerical perhaps, yet still intelligible enough—certainly grand. But some how or other he seems to have been on the wane for the last two or three years, and judging from the specimens he now exhibits, we should take him to be in his dotage. Seeing something that looked very much like a fantastical design for the interior of a theatre, with several tiers of boxes oddly decorated, we applied to the catalogue for information; No. 918. was on the frame, but that was *The Tomb erected by Alexander the Great to Hephaestion, by Dinocrates*, one of the few architectural stars we had previously anticipated much gratification in looking at, for nearly a page of description appended to it, rendered it conspicuous enough there. Had we not made a mistake? We looked repeatedly at the number upon the frame and in the catalogue, till at length we were obliged to confess in utter dismay, not only that they exactly tallied together, but that what we had fancied to be tiers of boxes and panels were the different stories of some most strange edifice. The mountain in the catalogue thought we has then brought forth only a mouse, and, hoping to meet with better performance where there was less promise, we turned away, not in the very best humor with either *Dinocrates* or MR. GANDY. The only other drawing by Mr. G. is No. 939. *Idea of the Temple at Delphi, from the Ion of Euripides*, nor can we say that we were more delighted with this, for it is so gaudily dressed up, and so full of flutter, that it looks much more like a temple of the confectioner's "daintie" workmanship. We really wish GANDY would descend a little from his ultra-classicism, ultra-poetry, and monstrous sublimities, and favor us with something approaching nearer to the realities of architecture.

(To be continued.)

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN  
WATER-COLORS.

THE Gallery of this Society, in PALL MALL EAST, opened to the public on Monday, the 28th of April, with its thirtieth annual exhibition of drawings, when it was, as usual, exceedingly well attended.

We dislike monopoly in any shape, though certainly least of all where its existence is candidly admitted; and accordingly, little as we are disposed to admire the spirit of exclusiveness which animates the councils of this little self-constituted Academy *in aquâ*, we cannot but applaud the openness with which it is here practised. THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLORS do not, by advertisement and otherwise, hold out to the *in-elect* a hope or expectation of having those pictures which they might be disposed to contribute to their exhibitions, hung in situations commensurate with their merit, intending, at the same time, to secure all the most desirable ones for themselves: on the contrary, they decline the reception of a single drawing not emanating from their own immediate brotherhood, and we have often wished the same straight-forwardness of dealing were adopted by the ROYAL ACADEMY, as much disappointment and consequent ill feeling and scandal might be thereby avoided. But selfishness is ever short-sighted, and we are not surprised, therefore, that the members of this little *junta* do not see the folly of being thus jealous of their privileges, for some of them, in their unbounded indulgence in that vice, coupled, as we may suppose, with an inordinate thirst of lucre, pour their contributions into this exhibition in such overwhelming numbers, as in a great measure to neutralize its general excellence, which, be their talent what it may, they cannot fail to do by imparting to the *ensemble* so predominating an air of sameness. The elder association might take counsel in this respect from the younger one in Bond street, where the same evil—but whether arising from necessity, or as the result of a sounder and more generous policy, we do not pretend to know—will not be found to prevail. We are persuaded that all these clubs and academies are calculated rather to retard than to promote the true interests of art, inasmuch as they, by implication, stigmatize individuals not matriculating among them; and they should, therefore, be put an end to: if, however, such nuisances are still to be tolerated, we would strongly recommend the NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLORS, to enter into some compact similar to that which secures the integrity of the SOCIETY

OF BRITISH ARTISTS, so as to prevent the further defection of its members; otherwise the rival corporation will continue as they have commenced, to drain them of their ablest hands.

Of the three hundred and eighty nine drawings exhibited by the gentlemen of whose achievements we now purpose more particularly to speak, one of them, MR. COPLEY FIELDING, has manufactured, single-handed, the moderate complement of half a hundred: six others, namely, MESSRS. COX, PROUT, EVANS, HUNT, HILLS and BARRET, one hundred and twenty between them!

FREDERICK TAYLER has satisfied himself with sending in the more rational number of five or six, but what he withholds in quantity, he abundantly supplies in quality, and this is as it should be; for, although he be but a humble associate—the SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLORS, be it observed, have their associates as well as the gentlemen of the ROYAL ACADEMY—his little figure subjects are treated with a degree of intelligence, which, in our very fallible opinion, entitles him to the highest consideration in his art. Witness his *Young Travellers*, (127) a group of little villagers crossing the fields. A work more delightful, whether in color, composition, or expression, is not to be found in the whole collection, unless, indeed, in No. 358. *Highland Peasants*, another study of children by his own hand, and in which equal, if not superior, power and imagination are developed. No. 174. *A Huntsman's Cottage Door*, is fraught with the same artist-like qualities. The hound and puppies, how admirably they are grouped and drawn, and colored, and yet with how little effort! In the representation of infancy, whether human or canine, as exhibited in these delightful specimens, the artist all but rivals nature. No. 443. *A Horse Drinking*, No. 296. *An Interior*, also by MR. TAYLER, and the figures he has introduced into some of the landscapes of MR. BARRET, all display, in a greater or lesser degree, the intellectual capacity, as well as the manual dexterity of the artist.

The figure-pieces of MR. HUNT have many admirers, but, for our own part, we cannot regard them as legitimate examples of art. His flesh tints and his forms are equally at variance with nature, nor do his subjects exhibit that liveliness of fancy which might in some degree atone for the extreme coarseness of his execution. His *Winter* (253) is destitute of merit even as a caricature. The *Commencement* (392) and *Conclusion* (367) the former representing a young bumpkin digging into a hard-baked meat pie, the latter another view of him after the repast, dozing over the empty dish—is rather more natural and less absurd. In No. 20, *The Maid and the Magpie*

No. 31, *Candlelight*, and No. 72, *An Interior*, as, indeed, in every thing else he attempts, Mr. H. aims at powerful effects, and in doing so, he sacrifices that which constitutes the principal fascination of the art—the delicacy of his texture. In No. 79, *A Sketch*, he tries his hand at the portrait of a lady, but here he is met in fatal comparison by No. 70, *A Red Riding Hood* of TAYLER'S, a little picture replete with tenderness of expression and refinement of execution. MR. HUNT cannot, we are satisfied, paint the genteel.

MR. CRISTALL exhibits a subject from Lucan's *Pharsalia*, entitled *Apollo tending the flocks of Admetus*, (104) in which he has produced any thing but a pleasing picture. His style is dry or husky, and has much of the character of distemper. In No. 27, *A Girl at a Fountain*, and Nos. 24 and 52, *Girls knitting at Barmouth*, his figures are too stately for common Welsh peasants, and so tall and cold as to remind the spectator more of the productions of Parnigiano and the chisel than of simple nature.

AUSTIN'S "*Tibbie Inglis*" (123) a delicate and thinly attired girl tending "her father's flock," though somewhat extravagant is a satisfactory illustration of the passage quoted in the catalogue—a few lines selected from one of the beautiful ballads of Mrs. Howitt. No. 29, also by MR. AUSTIN, is a faithful and spirited representation of *The Quay, Regent's Dock, Liverpool*; but No. 105, *The Church of St. Owen, at Rouen*, is a more picturesque subject, and being painted with equal ability, pleases us better still.

LEWIS'S contributions, while they impart a pleasing character to the exhibition, are sufficient to prove that the artist has not been an idle or unobservant spectator of the scenes passing around him during his temporary residence in Spain. His *Street view in Seville* (166) is rendered interesting by the introduction of two Andalusian ladies attended by a duenna. No. 159, *Peasants dancing the Bolero*, is very characteristic, and the strong action of the figures is pleasingly relieved by the cool and tranquil effect of the vine so luxuriously branching and clustering above them. No. 177, *Seville*—as it is entitled—embraces, perhaps, half a dozen of the houses of that city, exclusive of the Giralda, as seen in the distance—the same forming the principal features of the fine picture by Roberts, now hanging in the rooms of the Society of British Artists. The interest of the piece is materially augmented by the judicious introduction of one of those religious processions which are annually performed in catholic communities, and although the *personæ dramatis* may not present very prepossessing exemplars of the Spanish population, while numerous, they are by no means

ill-distributed or badly drawn. No. 33. *Ronda-a totum pro parte* again—represents the rocky and solitary retreat of a bandit or bull fighter, with several portraits, male and female, which are executed with considerable spirit, more especially that of the centre figure. No. 43. *Interior of a Spanish Posada*, or lodging-house, executed, it appears, at Granada; and No. 375. *A Spanish Contrabandista*, with two or three minor studies, add to the variety of Mr. Lewis's Peninsular gleanings, but the first of these appears to us to be rather monotonous and heavy—the latter less attractive than it might have proved, had the artist been a little more fortunate in the selection of his heroine, who is but a very dowdy specimen of Andalusian beauty.

J. STEPHANOFF has three or four pictures, the most conspicuous of which is No. 244, *Abon Hassan in the Palace of the Caliph of Bagdad*, to which, however, we have to object, that, in the person of Hassan, we detect too pointed a reference to the personification of that character by SMIRKE, and, further, that it presents an over-numerous accumulation of objects, a too palpable marking of the figure of the Turkey carpet, and a general want of simplification and repose. The scene is altogether huddled and confused.

RICHTER exhibits two subjects *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (232) and *Byron's Don Juan* (240) in neither of which do we discover a particle of the humour which has been infused into the artist's earlier productions. The characters of Falstaff and Bardolph are no more than exaggerated copies of those which have been painted and repeated *usque ad nauseam* by others; and we confess we were quite unprepared for any thing so trite in subject, and at the same time so little distinguished by any peculiarity of treatment from an artist of Mr. RICHTER's great originality of mind and professional experience. In the Byron subject we have portraits of a couple of Germans of the most uninteresting character imaginable.

CATTERMOLE has but one picture in the collection, namely, No. 151, *After the Sortie*, which, however, has strong claims upon the attention of the public: it represents, in a very chaste and unaffected manner, a warrior, brought in from the field in the agonies of death. The distress of the kneeling female and her perfect unconsciousness of the fierce hostility and havoc still raging in the distance are feelingly, yet quietly described, and we conceive that the artist is entitled to much commendation for his good taste in this respect, as an indulgence in the rant and quackery of the stage in scenes of affliction would appear, by the practice of a too great majority of our

artists to be scarcely capable of avoidance. The coloring of this drawing is perhaps a little feeble.

J. W. WRIGHT exhibits several studies of female heads, the most pleasing of which is, we think, No. 138, entitled *the Friends*. His *Catherine Seyton and Roland Græme*, (286) does not satisfy us so well. The lady is deficient in beauty, and the lover by no means so handsome as the text illustrated would warrant.

In landscape EVANS appears to very great advantage. His views of *Clovelly* No. 46, 75, 145, and 157, are all exceedingly beautiful, particularly the last of them but one, a little work as exempt from manner and affectation as any in the room. His *Coast of Arran* (287) and its companion subject *Castle Ransa, Isle of Arran* (311) *Barking Hut, near Callender on the Teith* (335) *Windsor* (340) and *A fishing Hut* (362) are all executed with great ability.

To enter upon any thing like a detailed account of the fifty contributions of COPLEY FIELDING cannot be reasonably expected of us; we will therefore content ourselves with directing attention to some of the most striking among them. *A view on the South Downs* (48) recalls to the mind of the spectator a very satisfactory recollection of the fine open scenery between Lewes and Brighton with the weald of Sussex in the far distance. No. 93, *A view of Snowdon* and No. 133, *A Shipwreck*,—the latter somewhat in the manner of Bonington,—have much of the reality of nature, though we cannot say that we approve of the occasional violence of the artist's scratching. That defect, for such we certainly consider it, is very palpable in No. 57, *A view near Beddgelert, Caernarvonshire*.

DE WINT pushes this piece of finesse to a still greater extreme; and, much as we admire his *View of Lancaster*, (200) in many respects we cannot but consider it disfigured by the forced and false results of so very unsatisfactory a process. No. 56, *A scene at Wilderness Park in 1832*, upon the occasion of the review of the West Kent regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry, by the Duke of Wellington, No. 165, *the Holkar Sands, Lancashire*, and a few other productions of Mr. DE WINT's which have escaped it, leave the spectator little to desire beyond the ability to make them his own.

COX has many charming studies. No. 279, *A Villa*, No. 349, *the Lady of the Manor*, and No. 386, *a Terrace with Figures*, are exceedingly classical, especially the last of them.

TURNER too, has several landscapes of great merit: No. 1, *A retired scene near Beaulieu, New Forest*, presents a capital study of trees; No. 19, *Portsmouth Harbour and the Isle of Wight*, as seen from Portsmouth

Hill, is a scene of much local splendor: the water which is flat and well colored, and the vessels anchored in the distance, are very effectively described. The young peasants, the sheep, and the dogs in the fore-ground, are equally true to nature. No. 234, *a view from Halnacker Down, near Chichester*, also by MR. TURNER, is a composition in which the fore-ground and the distance, the flatness of the road, and the general warmth of tone prevailing throughout the composition, combine to render it a work of great beauty. No. 376, *a Heathy scene near Minstead, in the New Forest*, is as simple and natural as can be well conceived.

*Cricceath Castle, North Wales*, (235) is a favorable example of the skill of H. GASTINEAU, but MR. G. is another determined scratcher, and as long as he continues to be so, he must not expect any very extravagant commendations from us.

BARRET, in concert with TAYLER, has been eminently successful in *a Morning Scene*, (10) *Gleaners*, (40) and separately in No. 26, *A Cottage in Devonshire*.

PROUT'S architectural studies are all good, but somewhat monotonous. No. 62, *part of the Cathedral at Rouen*, is delightful. No. 91, *Venice*, a city with which his pencil has identified itself so much, is but a repetition *in petto* of what had already been done, and so exquisitely done, by Canaletti, but the effect of it is especially luminous and clear. No. 263, *part of the Cathedral at Chartres* tells with admirable effect. No. 368, *at Lahnstein on the Rhine*, is entitled to perhaps even higher praise, for though it be Prout still, it has less of his peculiarity to pronounce it so.

HARDING'S *Port of London*, (300) is a composition worthy of his reputation. The tone of it is rich and harmonious, while the shipping and other objects floating on the Thames are introduced with admirable freedom and address.

BENTLEY and CHAMBERS, the two new associates, have distinguished themselves most—the former in No. 248, *the Church of Santa Salute, Venice*, a scene of great magnificence—the latter in No. 381, *Paying off the Maidstone Frigate, Portsmouth Harbour*, which is also a splendid composition.

HILLS contributes a number of animal subjects in his usual taste, and of which, No. 85, *a Farm Yard*, appears to us to be the most meritorious, but, generally speaking, we think his works betray some want of feeling.

MACKENZIE'S architectural subjects are liable to the same objection: they are too studied—too precise—works rather of the hand than the

head: we must not, however, extend this remark to No. 344, his representation of the principal room of the original National Gallery, formerly in the occupation of Mr. Angerstein, and lately pulled down;—a work in which there is so much to approve and so little to censure, that we could almost overlook the crayon-like peculiarity of the floor and ceiling. The purchaser of this picture, whoever he may chance to be, will have secured to himself miniature copies of a Claude, a Cuyp, a Velasquez, and various other specimens of the old masters, executed in the most careful and satisfactory manner.

SCOTT has a light and pleasing little drawing of a *Cottage at Bramber*, (98) and some half dozen others. His imitations of old brick houses are positively *veriora veris*.

F. NASH excels in No. 117, *the Fruit Market, Pont de l'Hotel Dieu, Notre Dame and the Archevêché, Paris*, a busy water-side subject.

JOSEPH NASH, in No. 30, *a Monument at Arundel Church, Sussex*, both of which are striking and well executed pictures.

No. 187, *Ruins of an Ancient City*, by F. O. FINCH, is also worthy of favorable mention.

We do not feel ourselves called upon to enter further upon the merits of the Bond Street exhibition. The notice we gave of it in our last number appears, on revision, to comprehend every work of prominent excellence with which it is relieved. We may just remark, however, that the favorable opinion we formed of it in the first instance, has suffered no qualification, as the consequence of a long and careful review of what has been effected by the rival association.

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#### HINTS TOWARDS THE FORMATION OF A CORRECT OPINION UPON THE PRESENT STATE OF SCULPTURE.

We estimate so highly the modern productions in Sculpture, that we have been strongly induced to seek a point from which, taking a comprehensive view of the history of the Art, we may institute a fair and impartial comparison between its present elevation, and that to which it attained in the boasted days of Athenian and Roman supremacy. Is it an unquestionable truism, that the torch of sculptural genius has been long "mouldering to decay,"—that the splendor of such names as Lysippus and Praxiteles must reflect an eternal insignificance upon all succeeding efforts in the same direction? A few general obser-

vations premised, will serve to place the particular question in a favorable light.

It is a remark of very great antiquity, at least as far back as Tacitus,\* that there is a species of envy in human nature, which grudges its due measure of praise to every thing contemporaneous. How grudgingly praise is bestowed on a young man, for acts, which, after the lapse of half a century, have ready acknowledgement and glory! The disposition may be on the whole beneficial; or it may be to be deplored and checked. We speak to the fact, and of that there can be little doubt. The finest poem by far in the English language—*Paradise Lost*—was thought nothing of, until some time after the death of its author; and it is said that Shakspeare did not venture to *publish* his unmatched dramatic works. Mirabeau is called by his countrymen “the French Demosthenes,” and is, we doubt not, thought by many to be no whit inferior to the immortal Athenian. But we much question if any one would have ventured to say as much while Mirabeau was before the sentient eyes of his countrymen, and not seen through a highly magnifying imagination. The men of former ages are almost as much creatures of the imagination, as the fictitious characters of a romance. Of their characters and their genius a few remarkable strokes of outline remain. These the imagination fills up into a picture, by the side of which all realities necessarily look meagre and insignificant. But at the same time that we give a ready ear to the complaints that efforts of genius cannot be fairly judged by notions drawn from antiquity, we do think that where remarkable strokes of genius are matter of strict and impartial history, they ought not to be refused as evidence of great, if not the highest genius. And if evidence, to which no objection can be found, shows an arrangement of circumstances favorable to the highest elevation of an art, and at the same time testifies the existence of genius capable of wielding those circumstances to the best account; it is difficult to believe that under circumstances unquestionably *less* favorable, the art can ever attain an equal degree of excellence.

On the other hand every one must be aware of the glowing language in which the admirers of modern productions of art clothe their descriptions. If as much allowance might be made for frothy enthusiasm in the descriptions of ancient date, as in those which daily, in these degenerate days, issue from the press, we hardly know whether “the Olympian palm,” ought not to be adjudged to the mo-

\* *Vitio autem malignitatis humane vetera semper in laude, presentia in fastidio esse.*

derms. Although, therefore, the evidence of ancient excellence rests on facts recorded by accurate historians, while that of modern excellence will be borne down to posterity only by warm assertion, we prefer to rest our opinion upon the inductive evidence which the present comparatively inferior combination of circumstances, and certain other considerations offer to the understanding.

In the first place then, why is it, that, with very few exceptions, modern sculptors have aspired to nothing higher than imitation of ancient originals? Is not this, of itself, almost decisive of the question? An imitation can never, in the mere execution, stand competition with its original. All originality proceeds from, and is an infallible sign of genius. Genius is required to elevate an Art; it is the great requisite. Circumstances—the fetters of mediocrity—impede but slightly the rise of genius. But do we mean to deny genius to modern sculptors? Far from it. We only claim superior genius for the ancients.

We do not deny oratorical genius to Mirabeau nor to Burke, but when national partialities bring the former into comparison with Demosthenes, the latter with Cicero, we deplore the blind vanity not less than the want of taste. So it is with sculpture. After all, however, it may perhaps be only matter of opinion, whether the ancients excelled us in force of genius. It *may* be matter of doubt, also, whether they surpassed us in physical force. We can only say for ourselves that we are in no doubt; nor need we so much grudge their well-earned glory to the ancients, when we consider how *little* they were in science—how *great* we are! Eminence in science is an elevation, not perhaps so much admired nor so enviable, as eminence in the divine art of sculpture, but, from its practical utility, it is likely to earn infinitely more gratitude to its possessor in the nineteenth century. But the progress of science cannot, in the least, have aided the advancement of the art of sculpture. The highest efforts of this art are born to life from the unaided inspiration of genius. Next, if we attempt to estimate how far the arrangement of circumstances, in ancient and in modern times, was favorable or unfavorable to efforts of genius in this branch of the Fine Arts; we are irresistibly led to decide in favor of antiquity.

The business of the sculptor is with the figure of objects. He cannot like the painter, by the use of various colors, mislead the eye to believe that objects represented on a flat surface, stand out in their natural shape and proportions. He must present objects as they are. We do not mean that he is a mere copyist, but if he conceive an ob-

ject with length, breadth and depth, he must give the marble length, breadth, and depth. Each sculpture—for we suppose that to be the term which answers to picture—must be a model either of an existing object or of an ideal conception. The human figure is usually the substantial form round which the sculptor throws his airy imaginings—his poetical conceptions. No one is ignorant that the master-hand in this as in other arts, is detected by the effect of its work. The effect of the work of a sculptor is the emotion which it produces in the breast of the beholder: and to produce emotion, it must itself be expressive of emotion in a strong degree. The human figure, as most expressive, is the highest model on which the genius of sculpture can work.

We believe it is indisputable, that, in the time of the ancient republics, the human figure existed in a state of infinitely higher perfection than that to which it ever arrives in these degenerate days. The martial and warlike character of the people is sufficient evidence of a superior physical organization in the ancient race of men; while the delicacy of their heathen mythology evinces notions of elegance, grace and beauty in the feminine organization no less high than their many examples of perfection in the male. The climate, the manners, the religion, the direct evidence of history, in short every thing from which evidence can be derived, combine to prove that the physical organization of the ancients, was far more perfect than since the march of intellect has ruined the demand for physical excellence. Nor was the so fine organization of the ancients excluded from the sight of those who could feel and embody in a more lasting form the beauty presented to their eyes. In the schools of Athens all was open: manly beauty walked free and unrestrained; and the modest decorum of the women enveloped them in a halo of poetry which elevated their infinite beauties even above their intrinsic worth.

The genius of the sculptor displays itself in the beauty of conception. But the conception must not altogether withdraw itself from the guardianship of nature. The conception must rise from reality to ideality. Unless founded on reality it will not deserve glory, but the elevation to which it rises above actual reality is the measure of the artist's power. Supposing then that the genius of Michael Angelo, or Canova, were of equal force with those which ripened to maturity under the benignant influence of Athenian republicanism, what immense advantages would be denied to the modern, which were supplied to the ancient genius! It would require high creative genius in a modern artist to conceive and execute any thing approaching in perfection to statues which were mere copies of living origi-

nals, and required no genius among the ancients. But all creative genius in an Athenian or Roman sculptor, carried his sculpture so far above the real perfection which he daily saw exemplified in living originals!

Again, all artists, if they wish to be immediately appreciated—a circumstance demanding no small attention where the Fine Arts are studied and pursued professionally,—must accommodate their works to the taste of the age in which they live. Truth to the ignorant looks strange and unnatural. The sculptor must not always follow even truth and nature, farther than he can persuade the world to accompany him. If the world is much-knowing, the sculptor may show much knowledge; but if the world knows only a little, he will be careful not to be too profuse of that knowledge which only a favored few have been fortunate enough to attain. Wherever, then, the community is ignorant what are the finest proportions,—what the most perfect symmetry of which the human form, in their own times, is susceptible, and is unaccustomed to see and admire its various movements and attitudes, the small class of artists have no motive for studying to acquire a deeper and more accurate knowledge than the general ignorance permits them to make use of. Here it is that we see to what an extent circumstances favored the Greek sculptors. In Greece every one was in the habit of seeing from his birth living models of the most perfect grace, elegance, and beauty. The most accurate acquaintance with all that is beautiful in the human form, was, in those days, almost unavoidable. In Greece, the smallest developement of imagination,—the feeblest effort of genius, raised the impressed marble to that extent above those living models which we can hardly rise to the conception of! Well might a French writer, in a moment of rapture, exclaim—"Beneath the purest sky, in the most beautiful fields, and groves, and sacred forests, and the most brilliant festivals of a splendid religion—surrounded with a crowd of artists and orators, and poets, who all painted, or modelled, or celebrated their compatriot heroes,—marching as it were to the enchanting sounds of music and poetry that were animated by the same spirit—the Greeks, victorious and free, saw and felt, and breathed nothing but the intoxication of glory and immortality."

After what has already been said, a few words will suffice on the subject of modern costumes. For, if the human figure be the best substratum for the expression of the artist's conceptions, he ought not, it is evident, to dress it in robes which effectually conceal its natural beauties. All costume is artificial. The thinking artist will

not, therefore, waste his time in efforts to represent with fidelity any particular costume; he will rather aim at such an arrangement of it as shall least hide that which is purely natural, and the genuine instrument of expression. Costume, whenever it gives rise to, or assists in occasioning emotion, does so from association, not from any natural power. It is not, therefore, in itself a subject for a sculptor. But, as the influence of association over the feelings is very great, certain forms of dress not only aid in exciting the feelings, but are in many cases essential to effect. The artist cannot always dispense with costume, and where he has occasion to make use of it, he finds it dangerous to depart from the *mode* of the time in which his mortal destiny is cast.

Notwithstanding the force of reasoning with which philosophers have attempted to prove that there are no such things as innate principles, they have never demonstrated to satisfaction, that men have not an innate susceptibility of beauty. There is the strongest evidence to show that human beauty is strongly impressive, even among the most untutored and barbarous. We should doubt if the unfortunate Caspar or Gaspard Hauser, who was found at Nurnberg some years ago, and, having no language, could not, until long afterwards, explain that up to the moment of his being discovered in a public thoroughfare, he had never seen more of the light than "the sunbeam that had lost its way" into the vault in which he was confined; we should doubt if this unfortunate individual would not have distinguished and preferred a beautiful woman, among a crowd of the ugly and deformed. But if it requires no words to set forth that which none can refuse to admit, that the basis of each highest work of sculpture must be the human figure, this is evident, that a master of his art will be very niggardly in throwing the clouds of costume before the sunshine of nature. Where he must fetter his free imagination with artificial dress, his own judgment would naturally lead him to make use of that costume which least conceals the natural form. Here, however, the caprice of fashion, throwing itself in the way, demands no light attention. The artist has thus two considerations to reconcile; and wherever the national costume differs from that which his own unbiassed judgment would choose for assisting the effect of his sculpture, that costume entails a disadvantage and disability on the sculptor.

The loose flowing robes of the ancients were peculiarly favorable to their sculptors. They did not much conceal the shape, and, owing to their beautiful simplicity, it required little effort of the ima-

gination to strip them off altogether. If to produce the *most* powerful effect requires the free and unrestricted use of the whole human structure, two general rules readily suggest themselves for obtaining the second rank—to conceal as little as possible—and where “the shade of night” must “o’erspread the face of day,” to draw it over in so thin a cloud that the slightest effort of imagination may suffice to dispel and dissolve it away. By these two rules, the strength of the barriers which modern costume opposes to the progress of sculpture, may be ascertained with tolerable accuracy and truth.

It will, perhaps, be not out of place to mention here another disadvantage with which modern sculptors have to contend, more particularly as it bears some relation to that which we have just considered. Those who estimate and appraise works of sculpture by their own feelings and their own judgment, erected into a standard of taste, are few. The majority judge of the merits of the foster children of the Fine Arts, either by some general standard of taste—some certain principles settled and determined by general opinion—or by a peculiar standard of taste formed on some particular associations. The whole of this latter class are prepared to bring any new work into direct comparison with those of antiquity; and no zealous churchman, demanding strict conformity to the doctrines of the established sect, cries out against non-conformists with more severity, than do *connoisseurs* against the smallest deviation from the sacred practices of the ancient sculptors.

Loose, flowing robes adorned the Grecian and Roman statues, and why should the artist of modern days deviate from the same course? There is one obvious reason. However beautiful and well adapted to marmoreal representation the dress of the ancients may have been, the character of the wearer was no less striking. We do not deny that there may be something naturally beautiful in the simplicity of the ancient dress; but every one must have experienced, that the beauty of dress, is, for the most part, reflected from the wearer. The dress which adds to the effect of one figure, will perhaps only lend ridicule to another. So thoroughly is this variation understood by those who have a real interest in studying the principles of costume, that in no country, however aristocratic, can the leaders of the feminine *haut ton* enforce absolute—perhaps not general—compliance with their high pattern and example. The poor artist is thus placed between two merciless batteries. His regard for the child of his art withholds him from rendering it ridiculous by a strict and servile compliance with the laws of *connoisseurs*; and the inaptitude of the

modern costume, which suits the character of the figure, and clashes with no formed associations for marmoreal representation, obliges him to put up with a mongrel between the two. "*Hac urget lupus, hic canis angit.*"

It is a principle usually assigned to political economy, but of such general practice and easy comprehension, that it ought to be classed among the principles of common sense—that demand creates supply, and that the supply of any commodity will always be proportionate to the greatness of the demand for it in the market. The operation of this principle, in the case of the Fine Arts, is very extensive. The sons of the muses require nourishment and support no less than their humble brethren of strictly mortal descent; and no love of sculpture, however great, is sufficient to overcome fears of poverty and hunger. The present demand for statuary is not very great. When compared with what it was in the days of that rich harvest of the Fine Arts, reaped under the republics of Greece and Rome, it is altogether insignificant. As the demand is small, few turn their attention and talents to so unprofitable a trade. There is little competition, little emulation.

In the case of the Fine Arts, supply and demand react upon one another in an unusual and curious way. That demand should create supply, is natural, and holds universally; but that supply should in its turn create demand, is a phenomenon restricted, perhaps, to the case of luxuries. The reason of this is obvious. Where any specific want is felt, that is, where a remedy is required to a specific inconvenience or grievance, as the degree of the evil was determinate and known, so the remedy is necessarily definite. There is, in all such cases, a *quantum sufficit*, beyond which comes surfeit or glut. All bodily wants, all animal appetites are of limited voracity—limited satiety. Beyond a certain point, satisfaction breeds nothing but disgust. But it is not so, with the appetites of the mind—with intellectual cravings. Here *insatiety* is the order of nature, and every attempt to quench, only causes the flame to blaze up with greater violence. Like the earth-born giant who fell by the arm of Hercules, to rise up again new strengthened from the maternal bosom, does each attempt to overcome the rapacity of the mind and the intellectual soul, prove worse than fruitless. Fine productions—noble monuments of art, create a taste for the Fine Arts. This is no new truth. We do not offer it for such; but it may be overlooked at the time when the consideration of it is most necessary.

Whatever may be said about natural and acquired taste—whatever

arguments may be brought to show that, on the one hand, a taste for the Fine Arts is natural, innate, unacquirable; on the other, that it is wholly acquired, inasmuch as nothing is innate, this, at least, is certain, that fashion is the "primum mobile" of demand, in the case of the Fine Arts. If one of the leaders of "the world" in a country of castes and classes, is bitten with *γραφomania*, it is astonishing how quickly the infection spreads, how soon it becomes an infallible mark of *bourgeoisie*, not to foam at the sight of water and oil colors. The philosopher may account for this phenomenon as he best can; it suffices for us, that, in consequence, artists and artistical productions rise in the market. There can be little doubt that this is, to a great extent, the cause of the great fluctuations which distinguish the historical progress of the Fine Arts. The progress of every thing which holds value in the eyes of a strict utilitarian has been uniform and steady. Like the planets in their orbits, the sciences and the *useful* arts describe equal areas in equal periods of time. *Les beaux arts* are the comets of the intellectual system. These, no laws control, nor do they submit to any regular government.

The difference between the demand for works of sculpture, at the present day, and formerly, may, to a certain extent, account for their present depreciation. We must see then what has caused this decrease of demand; and, however paradoxical it may appear, among the causes of the decrease in demand we are bound to bring conspicuously forward the poverty of supply. Let us take an illustration. It is a dangerous thing to hazard an opinion on the subject, but we should really think that the merits of the performance, and the talents of the performers must have not a little to do with the cram or thinness of the Italian theatre in the Haymarket. If, then, the boards of that house had never felt the elastic tread of singers, such as Malibran, Pasta, Rubini, &c., we may safely say, that a "Laporte" would not, in the season of the year 1834, offer such enormous salaries to professionalists as he can now afford; and surely these Crockford sums are magnets powerful enough to draw singers and dancers, and fiddlers, out of the bowels of the earth. They are such as, if the world were annihilated,

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" might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death."

If we may be permitted to make so close an appeal to the hearts of our readers, we would observe, that to admire is not always to love; and to love is not *always* to wish to take to wife. We admire, we are

struck (sometimes dumb) at the first sight, but the web which catches, and holds the heart is not spun in one night. That peculiar species of taste, affection, love, or whatever else, which gives an object a value unlimited and undeterminate in the eyes of particular human nature, is brought about by slow degrees. The accelerated force with which it proceeds is generated by association. Association causes an isolated object to ramify, striking its roots all round into the ideas of the mind and the emotions of the breast; and when an object has taken so firm a hold that every attempt to eradicate it tears up a part of the soil in which it is imbedded, it becomes an object of the highest value—cheap at any price. So it is with sculpture, and the Fine Arts generally. If the child has constantly before its eyes master-pieces of art, and, in the early developement of its spiritual organization, its springing conceptions of beauty form themselves round sculptures, the man, in maturity, will not be able to divorce the attachment. All men brought up, in this way, are strongly disposed to create a demand for works of sculpture. This is what we meant in saying, that in the case of the Fine Arts supply creates demand. That previous supply creates future demand for works of sculpture is now, we trust, established: that demand creates supply is irrefutable. Hence the conclusion, that in the world of the Fine Arts previous supply creates future supply. But, on what does this previous supply depend? How is it to be obtained? Since all the sources from which we might hope to draw it are dried up—since art, human means, seems incapable of furnishing it;—it can only be looked for from one of those freaks of nature, in which she creates a genius with force to overcome all obstacles and restraints, heaving like a volcano through the crust of earth until it displays its blazing summit to the admiration and wonder of the surrounding weather-beaten, time-worn eminences. Now, if tradition is to be trusted, these phenomena were far more numerous, more grand and majestic, in old than in modern times. And if this be so,—which, until the contrary is proved, we are bound to believe—hope alone is left to us.

One matter of consideration still remains; most important, but difficult in proportion to its importance. We do not now intend to grapple with it; we only intend to offer it, as we have offered the remarks which preceded it, for the consideration of more competent judges. We allude to the ancient Mythology as compared with Christianity. That part of the question which we pass without comment, is, whether the theological conceptions of the ancients lost in sublimity as much as they gained in vivid exactness and proximity to

reality. But, setting aside this consideration, idolatry creates an extensive demand for images : and the constant practice of immortalizing men by filling the cities, and even provinces, with their statues, increased this effect. Whether the demand thus created, elevated the standard as it increased the numerical supply of works of sculpture, we leave to others to determine. But if our views on this subject are at all correct, the habit of elevating mortals to the rank of demi-gods—the habit of merging conceptions of mortals into those of gods—is a tolerably sure sign of a state of things than which it would be difficult to conceive any more favorable to the art of sculpture.

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LEAVES FROM MY POCKET-BOOK—SECOND SERIES, No. IV.

“ Je dors par nuit, je réve par jour.”

*Better late than never*—It is consolatory to find, that after he has been badgered by the critics during the whole of his long career, Sir John Soane is now discovered to have been the pillar and ornament—the *decus et tutamen* of his profession. People's vision has been suddenly cleared by some potent euphrasy ; and they are now as fulsome in their compliments as they were wont to be bitter in their sneers. The epithets of ‘ Modern Goth’ and ‘ Bæotian architect’ heretofore applied to him, are exchanged for the more courtly style of ‘ the magnificent patron of the arts.’ Some years ago he was accused of sticking the top of the Bank over with sugar-plum ornaments, as a confectioner does a twelfth-cake,—but now the sugar-plums are swallowed without being objected to. His staircase and gallery in the House of Lords was also characterised as a fine sample of architectural confectionary, perfectly original yet most *rigmarolish* and nondescript.

Sir John certainly struck out a path for himself—rather a thorny one it must be allowed, nor did he pass through it unscratched : what then ? It has ultimately conducted him to the temple of fame, and his apotheosis is now being celebrated with no small *éclat*. Sir John is, in fact, virtually defunct, and to this circumstance may fairly be ascribed those zealous and pompous professions of admiration for his talents, now so liberally made by persons who prudently stood aloof while he was pelted with obloquy and sarcasm. This circumstance may very well excuse the suspicion—not that their gratitude is feigned, but that it arises from the knight's retirement having left the field more open to themselves. A dead giant is not a very formidable rival, even

to the veriest dwarf. Sir John Soane is certainly no ordinary mortal, it being his singular fate to experience posthumous fame while the breath is yet in his body. Yet, unless he be actually in his dotage, he must see through the whole of it, and estimate it accordingly—as hypocritical cant and solemn humbug!

*Miracles of Art.*—Although none of even the most ingenious of our artists have as yet discovered a mode of seeing round a corner, many of them it appears are able to look in three directions at the same instant, viz. downwards, straight-forward, and upwards. Never have I been able to make out how it is possible under the same angle of vision to see both the floor and the top of the dome in St. Paul's; nevertheless, my modesty leads me to imagine that this must be owing to some peculiar defect in my own eyes, since I find that others have frequently accomplished it—at all events in drawings, showing that they can see distinctly under an angle of at least seventy-five degrees! This is rather too much even for the utmost latitude of pictorial license—in fact, downright misrepresentation; quodcumque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi. Not much better are some other licences, or rather tricks, very commonly resorted to by those who profess to give views of buildings. It is by far too usual with them to show an edifice without any attention to truth of locality, consequently so as to lose much that gives value to such portraiture:—most views of St. Paul's cathedral, for instance, would lead one to suppose, that, so far from being closely hemmed in by houses, it stood in some such spot as the Regent's Park. From the manner too in which Covent Garden Theatre and the India House have been shown, we might imagine that Bow-street and Leadenhall-street were at least as wide as Carlton Place. The pretence of thus showing a building better, is very futile, because, if the object be rather to give the structure as it is in itself, than as it is really seen, why not have recourse to geometrical drawings of it at once? A still more preposterous licence is that of giving what is termed “a bird's eye view” of a building, and which, by aiming at combining the advantages of both a general elevation and plan, fails in giving either. Such a mode of representation invariably renders the subject insignificant, by causing it to look like a small model placed upon a table; unless you choose to fancy yourself Gulliver peeping down upon a Lilliputian fabric. There is also a very disagreeable and unnatural licence often indulged in as regards color in architectural subjects, viz. that of extravagant transitions from warm to grey and cold tones, without any change of local color. We may meet, for example, with interiors,

where, although the distance itself is inconsiderable, the further end is almost blue, like the extreme horizon of a landscape! The same spirit of extravagant exaggeration and hyperbole in color may be observed in violent contrasts of tints and forced depth in the shadows, as if the shaded parts of white stone were positively black or dark brown. It almost seems as if such artists retained in their employ another set of the brotherhood of the brush—to wit, chimney sweepers, to blacken over certain parts of a building, before it has effect enough for their purpose.—Even the smoky atmosphere of London does not dispense its sable favors liberally enough for their purpose.

*Other Reformers of Nature.*—If those who treat architectural subjects seem to possess optics very different from those of other men, Messieurs the poets are in nowise a less privileged race. They, too, color nature after their own method, and a precious strange one it is. No dame is fair enough for them unless her complexion be of the hue of a white sheet. Lilies and snow, snow and lilies, are their staple ingredients in female beauty. Had he one of these gentry at his elbow, a painter would run absolutely distracted, for who could endure to paint faces after their recipes, compounds of chalk and rose die, with paste eyes to resemble diamonds, and carrotty hair which they term “golden locks.” Their taste in complexions seems quite *d la Russe*, for it is a common expression in that country, to praise a person's looks by saying he has a face of “milk and blood.”

*More Improvements.*—As poets reform nature, so do our present wood-cutters reform Raphael. In the excess of his liberality, Leigh Hunt has just been complimenting some of those works of Art for the “energy” with which they have represented several subjects from the prince of painters!! Shades of Raphael, Holloway and Morghen, could ye ever have credited this? Yet surely the two latter must have been two dullards, to have patiently toiled for years, in the hope of transferring to the copper the spirit of those works which, presto, prestissimo, a wood-cutter's apprentice now *energizes* in a week. But, O Leigh Hunt, Leigh Hunt, where was your own energy when you babbled about the twisted columns of the portico of the Colosseum in the Regent's Park?

*Specimens of Reasons without Reasoning.*—In criticising our English taste in furniture, that exceedingly sapient, or rather that sappy gentleman, Baron d'Haussez made the profound discovery, that the reason why clocks are not more common ornaments in our apartments, is, because our walls have no brackets on which to fix them! Perhaps the Baron would see for the same reason, that it is impossible to

have pictures unless there be empty frames hanging up first, in which they may be put. It is odd, but so it is; most tourists seem to leave their common sense at home, as if it ought to form no part of their travelling luggage.

*Causeless Grumbling.*—There is generally a good deal of complaint made every season about the great number of portraits at Somerset House; yet, whatever may be the case in the catalogue, they are not very conspicuous in the rooms, for the hanging committee manage matters so well, as to put about three-fourths of them entirely out of sight. There are now two rows of them all round the very top of the great room, so that if they carry themselves somewhat *loftily*, they are otherwise sufficiently modest and *retiring*, on which account they are very properly *exalted*.

*Barbarous Treatment of Temple Bar.*—A voice has gone forth against this noted land-mark between the territories of Traffic and Fashion. The inhabitants of Fleet Street have petitioned for its removal, as being in reality too much of a bar and barrier in a thronged thoroughfare; but instead of this being considered an improvement, it is vehemently deprecated by the Morning Herald, which reckons Temple Bar one of "those memorials of genius, taste and skill," that ought to be carefully cherished. Yet it would, I apprehend, sadly puzzle the Herald to explain its merits, or specify its beauties. At no time could it have been particularly good-looking, and now when its finery has become old-fashioned frippery, and it is literally bespattered or bedraggled with mire, it cuts a rather woeful figure. In this opinion I am not solitary, for Mr. Britton sees as little to admire in it as I do. "Temple Bar," he observes, in the Public Buildings of London, "must be regarded rather as a nuisance than either an object of utility or beauty;" and again, "this gateway has been much praised by writers on the topography and buildings of London, who *absurdly* call it 'noble,' 'handsome,' 'elegant,' 'grand,' &c." Absurdly, indeed!—for what can be more remote from elegance, than the heavy clumsiness that marks every part of the structure? or what—to instance only one particular, can be worse in design than a wide arch, of squat proportions, placed between two smaller ones, whose proportions are so much the reverse, that they look most miserably pinched up? The only reasonable objection to taking down the Bar, which effectually bars out the view of St. Dunstan's from the Strand, is, that by so doing we shall introduce great confusion into the geography of our metropolis; since it serves at present as a kind of equator, from which we reckon the degrees of vulgarity on one side, and of fashion on the other.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Gentle Student.* BY G. S. NEWTON, R. A. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall.

THE great celebrity of Mr. Newton's productions and the extreme paucity of their number, leave us little hope that there may be many of them remaining unengraved; but there are still a few, and we have little doubt that Messrs. Hodgson, Boys and Graves will, with their usual activity, presently look them up. Of the *Gentle Student* we would speak in terms of the greatest approbation. She is beautiful in design, and most exquisitely engraved; yet we are bound, in candour, to observe, that she exhibits withal some want of drawing and proportion. The forehead, for instance,—and we claim no diminution of its extraordinary depth on the ground of fore-shortening—is much too capacious, while the sinister arm is forced into a position that could scarcely have been seen in nature. But we repeat, the figure is beautiful, and more interesting probably, as is often the case in the living model, than we should have found her, had she been worked up to the ideal perfection of a Grecian marble. S. Sangster is entitled to the praise that appertains to the engraver.

*Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria.* BY R. WESTALL, R. A. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall.

IT seems but as yesterday that the young Princess came into existence, while, by the portraits, which, from time to time mark the progress of her years, we presume she must at length be on the very verge of maturity. The painting from which this engraving has been made, appeared, if we mistake not, at the exhibition of the Royal Academy two or three years ago. We thought, with others, that it was a good likeness, and are somewhat confirmed in the correctness of our opinion by the circumstance of its being now reduced to an engraving.

The popularity of Mr. Westall's pencil will suffer no diminution through the agency of Mr. William Finden, who has seconded his efforts evidently to the utmost of his ability; and we have no doubt the result will be equally gratifying to the illustrious friends of the Royal sitters and to the public at large.

*Wolsey receiving the Cardinal's Hat in Westminster Abbey.* BY G. H. HARLOW. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall.

As the representation of a ceremony connected with one of the most eventful epochs of the English history, a ceremony, whose results, politically considered, had so direct an influence on the destinies of the nation, and as a specimen of the graphic attainments of one of the most promising artists of whom death has prematurely deprived us, we are disposed to attach to this mezzotint more than ordinary value. Wolsey, though less imperious in expression than commonly described, is, we take it for granted, an authentic portrait. He is introduced with great propriety—with a quiet decorum, and none of that violence of action which a less judicious illustrator might have given him. Mr. Giller has had an arduous duty to perform in the engraving of a plate so unusually large, and comprehending so considerable a number of figures, but has nevertheless acquitted himself with credit.

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*Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible. Part III.* Murray, Albemarle Street, and Tilt, Fleet Street.

THE subjects selected for part the third are, 1. "View in Jerusalem—the Pool of Bethesda," drawn by Turner, R. A. and engraved by E. Finden; 2. "Fountain of Jericho—Ribah," drawn by Callcott, R. A. and engraved by W. Finden; 3. "Pergamus," drawn by the same and engraved by J. Cousins; 4. "Mount Lebanon and the Convent of Saint Antonio," drawn by Turner, R. A. and engraved by W. Finden; the whole of them after sketches taken upon the spot by C. Barry, except the second, which was by the Rev. R. Masters, M. A. Scenes so interesting, in the hands of artists so well qualified to do them justice, cannot fail to prove highly attractive, particularly when they come before us, as in the present case, accompanied with notes, so that the principal objects, some of which might seem otherwise difficult of comprehension, are satisfactorily described and explained. "The Pool of Bethesda" and "Mount Lebanon," though wanting the golden tones as seen in the original compositions of Mr. Turner, exhibit his usual poetry and imagination, while the "Fountain at Jericho" and "Pergamus," with the same drawback, which, however, from the more sober style of his coloring, is less sensibly felt, as felicitously represent the beauties of his colleague, Mr. Callcott. The

literary portion of the work has been entrusted to the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B. D. and the manner in which it is executed is worthy of his reputation.

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*Cabinet Illustrations for Pocket Editions of the Holy Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, historical and topographical.* Parts I. and II. VAN VOORST, Paternoster Row.

"RACHEL," engraved by Thompson, "Bethlehem," by Wright, the "Holy Sepulchre," by Young, "Genesaret," by Higham, "Noli me tangere," by Bacon, "Elisha raising the Shunamite's Son," by Staines, "Lebanon and Baalbec," by Wilkinson, "The Man of Sorrows," by Rolls (Joseph), "Ramah," by Adlard, "Samuel," by Marr, "The Nativity," by Lewis, and "Antioch," by Starling,—are the illustrations comprised in these two parts, and such is the general excellence manifested in the execution of them, that we would spare ourselves the task of offering an opinion upon the relative merits of either. Raphael, Guido, and Reynolds, are the illustrious spirits to whom we are indebted for the materials of a large proportion of them; in addition to these, however, we have to add the not uninteresting name of Northcote, as the painter of "Elisha raising the Shunamite's Son." The work will be completed, we understand, by another part, and, in its perfect form, it were difficult to imagine any thing of its kind more acceptable to the public. Printed on paper of various sizes and qualities, it is adapted to every edition of the Bible, and all we have to regret must be, that it is not rather more extensive in the range of its subjects.

W. Westall has acquitted himself admirably in the arrangement of the local scenery, and we should conceive that his view of "Antioch," and Sir Joshua's "Samuel," were alone sufficient to secure the success of the publication, though the figures of Rachel and Mary (in "Noli me tangere") are perhaps equally delightful.

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*Memorials of Oxford.* Part XVIII. By the REV. JAMES INGRAM, D.D.  
Tilt, Fleet Street.

Containing a brief history of the New College is embellished with four well executed scenes, of which the Chapel, which is very minute and literal, is by Le Keux, after a drawing by Mackenzie; the Entrance Gateway, the Interior of the Cloisters, and a view of the Garden, by

Jewitt, after drawings by De la Motte. The literary details which are penned in a neat, unaffected style, supply a great deal of information which will be interesting, not to the topographer alone, but to the general reader.

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*The South Sea Whale Fishery.* BY W. J. HUGGINS. Leadenhall-st.

Mr. Huggins is said to be an old sailor, and in the treatment of nautical subjects we have no doubt of the general accuracy of his pencil. In this case he has not relied exclusively on his own experience, but availed himself, as we are informed, of the hints of a number of masters and officers long engaged in the South sea service; and those who would view the leviathan attacked by a boat's crew, and possess a striking example of the dangers to which our tars are occasionally exposed, should purchase this engraving. It is not in the highest style of art, and, we dare say, not over expensive.

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*Specimens of Lithography.* BY C. HULLMANDEL. 49, Great Marlborough Street.

Two of the most spirited examples of the lithographic art which have come before us. Without very close examination they might pass for engravings, that of the Gateway is especially effective, and we could scarcely have imagined, but for the assurance of Mr. Hullmandel, that it had been produced by chalk alone, and without the aid of either ink or engraved lines. We call the attention of artists particularly to this newly discovered, and certainly most excellent material.

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*An Essay on Roman Villas of the Augustan Age, their Architectural disposition and enrichments.* BY THOMAS MOULE. 8vo. pp. 179.

THE title of this work, in the advertisements which announced its early appearance, afforded us much satisfaction. We were well pleased that there should still be authors hardy enough to disregard the ruling appetite for utilitarianism, and willing to lead us to contemplate the times of Rome's palmy greatness, and to give us a peep into the domestic manners and customs of a people, who must ever interest us. So much has the press teemed of late with works devoted to politics, to science, and the useful arts, that we had feared the attempt too discouraging for any one to hazard a work calculated only for the antiquary and the classic. Our habits are so different,

our wants so distinct, and our inventions so superior to those of the Augustan age, that there is little chance of our recurring to that period for articles either of necessity or luxury. He, therefore, who devotes days of deep thought and application to such subjects, must only hope for a just appreciation of his labors, from those whose classic education leads them to reverence all that relates to the subjects of their earlier studies.

To Mr. Moule such men are much indebted, for with an apparently total ignorance of architecture, with but an imperfect acquaintance with the Latin language, and without having visited Italy, he has collected together much useful information, and has tended to facilitate the enquiry to those professional men, who may feel disposed to follow up the task. There are two plates and some wood-cuts, in illustration of the matters treated of by the author. The frontispiece, drawn by Mr. Willement, represents the interior of an ancient room, whose walls are intended to give an idea of the style of decoration, prevalent in the dwellings of the ancient Romans. But it is by no means so correct or tasteful as would have been the case, had Mr. Willement employed his pencil in representing the boudoir of a lady of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The *Plan of a Roman House*, taken from a Venetian edition of Vitruvius, published in 1511, is extremely inaccurate, and we are surprised at the injudicious selection by the author, when the very references at the foot of the plan agree in no particular with his own descriptions of the various courts, chambers, and other parts of an ancient dwelling. He should have recollected that in 1511, no Herculaneum had been excavated from the lava in which it had lain embedded nearly fifteen centuries, no Pompeii had been cleared from its ashes, and no Mazois had yet written to describe, with minute accuracy, the domestic manners of the Augustan age. To this author Mr. Moule renders ample justice; for each page bears frequent reference to his "*Ruines de Pompeii*" and his "*Palais de Scæurus*," works which must ever rank Mazois high among the writers upon antiquities. We perceive, however, that Mr. Moule is unacquainted with the second edition of the "*Palais de Scæurus*," published in 1822, which its elegant author has enriched with plans, sections, and views of every portion of his vast "*projet*," for the Palace of Scæurus. Numerous as are the English architects who have travelled abroad, and studied with persevering industry the buildings of Pompeii, we regret that Mr. Moule has not procured from some one of his countrymen a plan for a Roman house; so that the dry enumeration of his pages might have been relieved, and rendered more clear, by the illustrations of the plan.

Our author, at the beginning of his volume, gives some general information connected with the villas of the ancients, and then proceeds to notice in detail, each part and chamber of the building, and its dependencies: giving, at the foot of each page, references to the several authors whom he has consulted, and cites as authorities for the several opinions which he advances.

Mr. Moule labors under the disadvantage of never having visited Italy, and, consequently, his frequent references to Latin authors and Italian scenes lead him now and then into serious mistakes: one of these occurs at page 4, in his allusion to the Golden House of Nero, the description of which he takes from Suetonius. The words of the Roman are these—"Domum a Palatio Esquilias usque fecit. Quam primo *Transitoriam* mox incendio adsumptam restitutamque *Auream* nominavit. De cujus spatio atque cultu suffecerit hoc retulisse. Vestibulum ejus fuit, in quo colossus centum viginti pedum staret ipsius effigie: tanta laxitas, ut porticus triplices miliarias haberet: item stagnum maris instar, circumseptum ædificiis ad urbem speciem. Rura insuper, arvis atque vinetis et pascuis, silvisque varia, cum multitudine omnis generis pecudum et ferarum. In ceteris partibus cuncta aura lita, distincta, gemmis unionumque conchis erant. Cœnationes laqueatæ tabulis eburneis versatilibus ut flores; fistulatis, ut unguenta desuper spargerentur. Præcipua cœnationum rotunda, quæ perpetuo diebus ac noctibus vice mundi circumageretur: balinæ marinis et albulis fluentes aquis. Ejus modi domum quam absolutam dedicaret, hactenus comprobavit, ut se diceret, quasi hominem tandem habitare cœpisse. Præterea inchoabat piscinam a Miseno ad Avernum Lacum, contectam, porticibus conclusam, quo quidquid totis Baji calidarum esset, converteretur." Mr. Moule's translation runs thus—"In this house the vestibule was *lofty* enough to admit under it a colossal statue of the founder, no less than 120 feet in height." The looseness of this version is apparent from a glance at the original, where we find no word equivalent to the expression of *lofty*.—Suetonius evidently explains an open court, sufficiently large to receive the colossal statue of the emperor; for, the word *vestibulum*, in this passage, does not necessarily imply a covered building, but should be taken in the sense defined by Aulus Gellius, who has appropriated a chapter to the explanation of this very word, and to which we refer Mr. Moule. But the most remarkable mistake in this translation occurs at the end. Suetonius says, "He also began a pool or fish-pond, from Misenum to the Lake Avernus, roofed in and enclosed with porticoes, into which he turned all the hot waters from Baiæ,"

Now Mr. Moule makes this a part of the Golden House, and, instead of transporting us to near Puteoli, to contemplate another work of Nero, brings hot water from the distance of about 120 miles to supply the baths of the Esquiline palace. "The baths, equally magnificent in their plan, were supplied with salt water from the Mediterranean, and with warm water, conducted by rivulets, from the hot springs of Baia." We entreat the reader to compare these words with the last paragraph of our Latin quotation already given. In the next page his ignorance of the topography of the Campo Vaccino, at Rome, is lamentably apparent; for he imagines the stupendous ruins of the Temple of Peace to occupy the site of the Golden Palace. As well might he extend the limits to contain the baths of Titus and the Coliseum, since they, as well as the Temple of Peace, were partly constructed of the materials of the Palace.

In a note, page 9, our author refers the reader to the Amsterdam edition of Vitruvius, of 1649, as the one said to be the best: he had only to take the opinion of Mr. Wilkins, or Mr. Gwilt, alluded to by him in his note, or to have consulted the second chapter of Donaldson's *Examples of Ancient Doorways*, to have learned, that all editions, except the "*editio princeps*," up to the time of Schneider, are little to be relied upon: all, *without exception*, have adopted the interpolations and corruptions of Jocundus, whose numerous alterations of the text, *even in one short book*, are minutely noted by Mr. Donaldson. Schneider's edition of Vitruvius, published in 3 vols. in 8vo. at Leipsic, in the years 1807 and 8, is mentioned with unqualified praise by Mr. Wilkins, in an article in the *Philological Museum*, No. 3.

Mr. Moule relies too implicitly upon the architectural discrimination of Forsyth, whose profound remarks upon the scenery, manners and character of the Italians, merit great respect, but whose acumen, as an architectural critic, does not rank very high: short and caustic in his observations, he too often sacrifices propriety for the sake of a well-turned epigram. It should, however, be remembered, that his volume contains only brief notes, and that its author's premature death prevented his preparing it for publication, by a mature consideration and revision of his cursory remarks.

At page 11, our author says, "The mansion of a Roman patrician was insulated on all sides, and surrounded by streets, adorned with a colonnade, beneath which were shops." We know not upon what authority this statement is advanced. No such colonnade exists in any street at Pompeii, nor do we remember any indication of any such

colonnade surrounding an *insula* upon any fragment of the marble plan preserved in the Capitol at Rome. In fact, we apprehend, that it was rare for the Roman palaces to have any external luxuriousness of decoration; the profusion of columns, marbles, and other embellishments was reserved for the interior.

We observe that Mr. Moule mixes up too much of the several parts of the country house or villa with those of the town residence. We should have preferred, that he had first given a plan and description of the latter, and then treated of the former in the same manner. But he seems not himself to have had a clear conception of the differences which prevailed in the one and in the other.

The Roman Atrium is described as "a covered building before the inhabited part of the mansion, having in the middle a court, surrounded by columns and likewise covered, called *cavædium*," taken word for word from the fifth chapter of the *Palais de Scæurus*. Mazois is certainly very high authority, but, in this interpretation of the word *atrium*, we think he is hardly consistent with the descriptions which he gives of the atrium in other parts of the same work. *Cavædium* we consider to be a court of any size or kind, but an atrium we consider to be a *cavædium* in the fore part of the house, and the peristylum, a *cavædium* surrounded by columns, of the inner part of the dwelling, and this appears conformable with the description of Vitruvius, contained in the fourth chapter of his sixth book.

We do not agree with our author in his interpretation of the inscription found by M. Akerblad at Palestrina, the ancient Præneste. It does not record that the *culina* was 148 feet long; but that the *locum*, or site, was of that length, by 16 feet wide. Now the kitchen might cover only a small part of that extent, and the rest of the area be occupied by the appurtenances: but, even if the kitchen did cover the whole space, it is not to be wondered at, although an extraordinary circumstance. The temple at Præneste was but a species of hospital, like the *Lepov*, near Epidaurus, sacred to Esculapius. It was thither that the sick, the valetudinarian, and the hypochondriacal, flocked for relief, and the priests were the physicians who administered medical assistance. To provide, therefore, for the hundreds who continually resided within the sacred precincts, would of course require a *culina* larger even than our famed one of Glastonbury, nay, *perhaps* 148 feet in length—yet still the inscription does not go to that extent.

We might notice some other inaccuracies of our author in his explanation of the term *fauces*, &c.; but we think that we have been

already minute enough, to convince Mr. Moule, that we have not taken up his work carelessly, nor dealt our strictures wantonly. We value labors such as his, and wish only to direct him to pursue the path most likely to render the fruits of his industrious research the most useful. He confines his references almost entirely to foreign works; whereas we think that we have native authors no less worthy his attention. The *Pompeiana*, by Gell and Gandy, and the folio work on *Pompeii*, engraved by W. B. Cooke, contain the fruits of a personal study and residence among the ruins, which those works illustrate; and their accuracy has merited frequent acknowledgment in the volumes upon the same subject, published by the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, in which last work the intelligent authors appear to have exhausted the subject.

Our author, towards the end of his work, alludes to the numerous remains of ancient Roman edifices discovered in England. We wish that he had pursued the subject further, and brought together all the information known upon this matter. We think a very interesting work might be compiled, containing all the plans of the various Roman remains in England, and the several disquisitions published in illustration of them. Our present knowledge of the domestic manners of the ancients would doubtless bring to light many interesting circumstances connected with these venerable relics of the conquerors of ancient Britain, and form an appropriate introduction to the next work of Mr. Moule upon the Baronial Castles of England. His laborious and persevering spirit appears to qualify him for this forthcoming work: and as he will not have to contend, as in the present volume, with that want of the knowledge of the language, and ignorance of the localities of the country of which he treats, and which renders it not quite so perfect as we could have wished, and as he may possibly be more intimately acquainted with the peculiar national character of our baronial architecture, we anticipate in full confidence a work replete with research and rich in illustration.

We could have wished in the work before us, an index of the contents, the want of which very much embarrasses a reference to any particular part. We may very possibly revert, in a future number, to this subject, and give a plan of a Roman house, founded upon the ruins of *Pompeii*, and the descriptions of the ancients, but free from those superfluous dependencies, which, however appropriate in the gorgeous palace of *Scaurus*, tend to give an incorrect idea of the general character of a *Patrician residence*.

*GOODWIN'S Domestic Architecture. Second Series.*

IN our notice of this work in our last number, we were obliged to apologise for the briefness of the remarks we could then afford to bestow upon it. Since then we have discovered that we omitted to state that the literary portion of the present series is by Mr Leeds, whose name in fact appears on the title-page. Sometime back, in our review of Loudon's *Encyclopædia of Cottage and Villa Architecture*, we gave a specimen of Mr. L's talent for architectural description, taken from the explanation of a design contributed to that publication by himself. The descriptions by him in Mr. Goodwin's work are indeed by no means so copious—though many of them may be termed long, compared with the slight and unsatisfactory remarks in by far the greater portion of similar publications; yet if these observations on designs by another hand be necessarily more brief than the productions we have alluded to, they sufficiently evince his knowledge of the subject, and his capability of bestowing interest upon it. As without the plates however, which they are written to explain, they could be but imperfectly understood; we shall content ourselves with having here rectified an important, though unintentional omission, and with giving the following short extract from the introduction, if only to show the *skippers* of *préséces* and introductions that they would in this instance lose much able criticism and many judicious remarks.

"The imperfections and inconsistencies which are to be discovered in far too many modern specimens of—or rather attempts at, our ancient English architecture, are not to be attributed to deficiencies in the style itself, but to want of judgment in the selection of models, to want of taste in composition and detail, and to ignorance and false economy in execution. Neither the castellated nor the ecclesiastical style, varied as they are in themselves, offer much that can suitably be transferred to a domestic habitation. In the former more especially the very qualities to which it is most indebted for the impression it makes render it least of all eligible for imitation, not only vastness, but an appearance of massive strength and security being almost essential to it. Employed upon a small scale, it can hardly be so managed as not to be trivial; and by ceasing to be dignified and sublime, it becomes puerile and ridiculous. A touch of either style may, under particular circumstances, be introduced into domestic buildings; yet it should be done with great reserve, and mock Castles, mock Abbeys, and things of that description, ought to be left to the tea-garden and the confectioner.

"While some have seemed to imagine that Gothic architecture, and every variety of it, is indiscriminately applicable to every kind of buildings, others have asserted that it can rarely be employed at all, with any degree of propriety or regard to comfort, in modern residences, since, according to them, it is attended with disadvantages that counterbalance its recommendations. When ancient English architecture was more imperfectly understood than it is at present, and so long as religious buildings were almost exclusively followed as authorities in structures that demanded to be very differently treated; there were grounds for such complaint. Grecian and Roman architecture are undoubtedly of far more general application—for even when deprived of all ornament, and so neutralized as to style as no longer to retain any character, buildings, constructed on such principles, may possess a negative kind of merit, whereas, any of the varieties of our own ancient architecture would, by being so stripped, become positively offensive;—yet there is one class of buildings for which the latter particularly recommends itself. These are country residences and their appendages, from the unpretending cottage or lodge, to the villa or mansion. Admitting far greater variety of outline both in plan and elevation, and consequently bolder effects of light and shade, and more picturesque masses, it is particularly well calculated for detached buildings, which are beheld from various points of view; and, provided the features themselves be not maimed by the omission of what naturally belongs to them, more may be accomplished in this style than can very well be done in the other upon the same scale and at the same expense."

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*Cadet Roussel à Londres, Panorama de Londres, en cinq tableaux ; par MARS. Baillière, Regent Street, and Delaporte, Burlington Arcade.*

To obtain a correct idea of his national peculiarities, an Englishman can scarcely consult better authorities than his vivacious neighbours, the French; and, accordingly, we may safely refer him, for that purpose, to the pages of M. Mars, in which those peculiarities are shown up with considerable humour. A propensity for vulgar exhibitions—hanging at the Old Bailey not excepted—for burking, boxing, drinking, and other amiable foibles by which we are, it appears, distinguished from other nations, do not escape the satirical pen of the author. The statue of Achilles in Hyde Park, and the Lord Chancellor, each

form the subject of an epigram; but a note in allusion to the defective state of our laws as regards pick-pockets, is so practically good that we cannot refrain from extracting a portion of it.

"Le nombre des *pickpockets* (remarks M. Mars) est immense à Londres, et leur habilité à vider les poches est extraordinaire. C'est surtout à la porte des théâtres que se postent ces voleurs, qui sont généralement des enfans. Ils se mettent deux ou trois, l'un tire le mouchoir ou autre objet, et le passe à un camarade qui le passe à un autre; en sorte que, si la personne volée s'est apperçue de quelque chose, et qu'elle veuille faire arrêter l'individu qu'elle soupçonne, elle reçoit de la police cette réponse: 'Monsieur, êtes vous bien sure que c'est cette personne qui vous a volé? Prenez garde, parceque si l'objet pris ne se trouve pas sur elle, elle aura droit de vous poursuivre pour arrestation illégale.' Comme on se doute que l'objet volé ne se trouve sur celui qui l'a enlevé, on craint d'en être encore pour les frais et des dommages, et on entre au spectacle sans son mouchoir, ce qui est fort désagréable, surtout quand il se donne une pièce du genre *larinoyant*.

"Au moment où les portes du théâtre s'ouvrent, à la première poussée, les Policemen crient à plusieurs reprises, 'Mesdames et Messieurs, prenez garde à vos poches!'"

We recommend the work, which is got up in an operative form, as one well worthy of perusal, and this we do with the less hesitation inasmuch as the author disclaims any intention of *visiting* London more severely than another city. *Cadet Roussel* in London, he observes will never fail to have his *pendant* in *John Bull* at Paris.

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*The Architectural Director.* PART III. By JOHN BILLINGTON, ARCHITECT. J. Bennett, Three Tun Passage, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

We have already taken occasion to notice this work in terms of approbation, and in the part before us, we see no cause to reverse our judgment. It is a publication of great usefulness, and, in these stirring times, when men of business need every facility that the press can afford them, no architect, surveyor, or builder should be without it. With equal confidence we may recommend it to the man of fortune, who, among other accomplishments, may desire to obtain a knowledge of the subject to which it more immediately refers—building in all its branches.

## CHIT CHAT.—ARTISTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Morning Herald*, v. *The Society of British Artists*.—An account of the Anniversary Dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, which took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday the 24th of May, having gone the rounds of the public journals, we should not have felt it necessary to enter upon the subject here, were it not for certain remarks, which, with reference to that entertainment, have found their way into the columns of the *Morning Herald*. We have before taken the liberty of cautioning the editors of newspapers against the placing of too implicit a confidence in the statements furnished them by inexperienced artists, and we would now repeat the admonition, for really it is quite insufferable that young men who choose to send their frivolities to an exhibition, should go and libel the parties entrusted with the arrangement of it, merely because such productions are not placed in central situations to the exclusion of worthier matter. The young man—for so we presume him to be—who attends to these things for the *Morning Herald*, thought fit in a recent number of that paper, to attack the exhibition of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, and could the motive for it only be traced to its source, we have no doubt whatever, it would be found to be that some little unimportant representation of birds, or still life, of his had not received the courtesy from them to which, in his extreme solicitude for his offspring, he might have considered it entitled. Not sufficiently avenged of the fancied injustice, the individual again avails himself of his abused privilege upon the occasion of the above meeting—

“Necdum etiam causæ irarum, sævique dolores  
Exciderant animo;”

and it is, perhaps, little to be regretted after all, as we are thus enabled so effectually to expose the grounds of his malignity in the previous instance.

The passage, which we extract from the *Morning Herald* of Monday last, will, we think, be quite sufficient to prove the correctness of the view we have taken of his conduct—it runs as follows:—

“The Earl of Durham was in the chair, supported by Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A., Mr. E. J. Stanley, M.P., H. Lambton, Esq. Messrs. Chantrey, Phillips and Westmacott, Royal Academicians; Messrs.

Clint, Cockerell, Stanfield and Landseer, Associate Academicians, above one hundred gentlemen not connected with the arts, but friendly to the objects of the institution, and we regret to say that there was not a single member of the Society of British Artists, as they pompously style themselves, nor of the Water-Color Society, in the Hall. To say the best of such conduct, it cannot be esteemed a compliment by those gentlemen; but we presume that the classes, amongst whom and their connexions, these funds are distributed, ought to have shown some common sense and propriety of feeling on this occasion. Indeed, with the exception of those already mentioned, there were not ten artists present at this social and benevolent meeting."

For ourselves, we think it highly prudent—particularly in times like the present, when the patronage of art no longer exists and artists have few guineas to spend on public dinners—in the members of the two societies in question to have withheld themselves from this expensive meeting. We are pleased with their independence: they have the strongest possible claim on the consideration of the wealthier branches of the community, but the way to enforce those claims, is not to come before them in the character of paupers. The parties benefited by these charities, are, generally speaking, persons of slender pretensions, if not of improvident habits, and men of talent and moral integrity, should be careful not to compromise the respectability of their calling by identifying it with a system of mumping and begging—the more so, as it affords detractors an opportunity of assailing them in the way we have pointed out.

**DAY'S ARCHITECTURAL MODELS:—THE NATIONAL GALLERY.**—This exhibition which is now open in King William Street, can hardly fail to delight any one possessing a taste for such subjects, and capable of appreciating the exactness and admirable execution displayed by a very ingenious artist. We fear, however, that as an exhibition, it has but few attractions for the generality of sight-seekers,—at least if we may judge from the exceedingly few persons who entered during our stay there, and the shortness of their visit. The first object to which our notice is directed is a model of the Thames Tunnel, and another representing the circular gallery down which carriages would descend to it. The Tunnel itself is seen in its whole extent, viewed from one extremity, and is lighted as by gas. It is necessarily, however, upon so very small a scale, as to be rather too much like a toy. Infinitely more to our taste are some of the larger models, of which there are several, especially one or two of those de-

signed as well as executed by Mr. Day himself. More than one of these has, we believe, been exhibited at Somerset House, but no one who admired them there will be sorry to meet with them again. Two of them are remarkable for the fine examples they offer of porticos—much finer than any thing yet actually produced—at any rate in modern architecture; and, but we must say it in a whisper, finer, as regards picturesqueness and richness in the disposition of columns, than what is to be met with in veritable Grecian architecture. There are also some specimens both of Gothic and Egyptian architecture; and Mr. Day informed us that he is about to construct a very large model of some Indian Temple, after drawings by Mr. Daniell. It is his intention, he added, thus gradually to extend his collection, and to enrich it with specimens of every style of the art. Sincerely do we wish him success; but when we consider the time and labor requisite for making any advance in such a comprehensive undertaking, without taking into account the difficulty and expense attending it, it seems too much for a single individual, in Mr. Day's circumstances. Still, though his future additions should be comparatively limited in number, his collection altogether, would form an admirable nucleus for a permanent Architectural Gallery; or, if incorporated with any other museum, there is no one they would be fit so well—perhaps prove so serviceable to, as that bequeathed to the public by Sir John Soane. While touching upon entirely new ground we incur some danger of being reproached for having forgotten what—as far as the public generally are concerned may be regarded as the principal and most attractive feature in the whole exhibition—the model of the buildings around Trafalgar Square, and the intended National Gallery. The façade of the latter has, we must confess, not a little disappointed us, for many reasons; in the first place, the scale of the order is less than that of those in the buildings already erected; next, supposing that it was advisable to limit the general height of the building to what is here shown, it appears to us that if the portico had had loftier columns than the rest, it would not only be more dignified in itself, and suffer less by comparison with that of St. Martin's church, but that variety would have been thrown into the whole façade which its great length renders necessary. Independently of the increased grandeur which would thus have been imparted to the centre of the façade, the difference in the height of the order here and in other parts, would, perhaps, have rendered less striking than at present, a difference of another kind, namely, that of the inter-columns; for now, while the portico is pycnostyle, the two tetrastyle pavilions, in which the car-

riage-ways are formed, have their columns exceedingly wide apart indeed—a defect made not only more striking, by being brought into immediate contrast with the portico itself, but rendered also the more remarkable by Mr. Wilkins' own objections against the inter-columniation in the portico of St. Martin's. As it is to serve as a passage for carriages, of course the centre inter-column could not be narrower. Such therefore, being the case, we think it would have been more judicious not to have employed columns at all in these parts; but rather to have carried along a colonnade between these entrances and the portico. By this means the centre of the compositions would have gained materially both in richness and extent, the portico and colonnade on each side of it, being thus distinctly marked as one leading division of the whole façade, although subdivided in itself, and as far as it extended, lateral colonnades would have served in some degree to screen the parts behind, and, by throwing the upper portion of wall into shadow, to render less apparent what has certainly little beauty or propriety to recommend it, namely, a series of windows in the lower story only. Although, too, we did not happen to direct our examination to it at the time, we should think, that in such case, the same inter-columniation might have been observed here as in the portico, by placing a window opposite each alternate intercolumn, so that they would have been more crowded together than at present. These windows might then have been made to assume the character of a series of rich Grecian door-ways within the colonnade, and might have been carried up loftier, without requiring the actual aperture itself to be at all higher than now proposed. This would perhaps require that all the others should so be made to correspond with them, yet we do not see that this would be attended with particular difficulty, while we are of opinion that the grandeur of the whole would be increased, the windows as now designed appearing to us rather insignificant, and, so far detracting from, rather than assisting the design generally. There are various modes by which the external aperture of the windows might be extended, and some of them are susceptible of being rendered highly ornamental. We do not admire the balustrade, still less the domes: indeed, we almost wonder how Mr. W. could reconcile himself to that in the centre, after giving us one of rich and elegant design in the London University. That of the National Gallery does not by any means so well accord with the Grecian style, and we think that it causes the portico to look lower than it otherwise might.—We have spoken our opinions candidly—certainly with no wish to detract, nor in any spirit of unkindness. At

any rate we have so far acted honestly as to assign something like reasons for disapproving what we do ; and to point out what we consider would be improvements. These latter alterations might probably interfere far more with the design generally, than writing from our recollection only of the models, we have imagined they would ; consequently it is not impossible that we should discover we have been recommending what may be impracticable without a very great departure indeed from the present design, as determined by its plan. This admission is due both to ourselves and to Mr. Wilkin's. Most happy should we have been had we found no room for objections of any kind.

**OBITUARY.**—We regret to have to announce to our readers the sudden death of MR. W. FROME SMALLWOOD, a young artist of very great promise. Mr. S. had passed a considerable portion of his time in the picturesque cities of Normandy, and was thus enabled to enrich his portfolios with transcripts of many of their most prominent beauties. Some specimens of his talent, to which we may more particularly allude hereafter, will be found in the present exhibition of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, as well as the Royal Academy—and to these we would in the meanwhile especially direct the considerate attention of the public.

Mr. S. died on the 22nd of April, leaving a widow and two infant children.

**FORMATION OF A SOCIETY OF ARCHITECTS.**—In the month of January last, a meeting of Architects and Surveyors was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of forming a Society, for the promotion of Architecture and Architectural Topography. As several members of the profession, however, objected to many of the objects, and to the class of members proposed to be admitted, another meeting took place at the Craven Hotel, of another body of Architects. A committee was then appointed, consisting of Messrs. P. F. Robinson, Kendall, Goldicutt, Fowler, Donaldson, Denthorn, Noble and others, for the purpose of drawing up a scheme for the formation of an Institution, calculated to uphold the character, and improve the attainments of the Architect. After numerous meetings, the following prospectus was circulated among the leading members of the profession. At a subsequent meeting held on the 13th ultimo, at Mr. Rainy's rooms, 14, Regent Street, lately the residence of Mr. Nash, Messrs. Barry—Basevi—Burton—Cresy—J. Gwilt—Hardwick—Kay—Lee—Sir John Rennie—Papworth—Robinson—Seward and G. Taylor, were elected as original members. On Wednesday, the 21st

of May, these gentlemen elected in several other equally distinguished architects, so that the Institution now commences with every prospect of success, from the high character of its members, and from the numerous assurances of support, which they have received from some of the leading nobility and gentry, who have already enrolled themselves as honorary members and feel a deep interest in its prosperity.

#### PROSPECTUS

*For the formation of a Society, to be called the Institution of British Architects.*

In an age and country abounding with Institutions and Societies for the promotion of almost every branch of art, Science, and Literature, and when all in consequence are making such rapid progress, it seems remarkable that Architecture, combining within its extensive range nearly all the Arts and Sciences, should in this kingdom still remain destitute of a society, distinctly devoted to the cultivation of its precepts and practice. This deficiency, having been long and deeply felt by the profession, has given rise to the proposition for forming an Institution, which shall have for its object the cultivation and improvement of Architecture, both in theory and practice, and the upholding the character of its professors.

To carry this proposition into effect it is desirable :—

To form a Library of Works of every kind connected with Architecture.

To form a Museum of Antiquities, Models, Casts, Specimens of the various Materials used in building, and of all objects tending to illustrate the Arts and Sciences in their application to design and construction.

To provide the means of performing experiments upon the nature and properties of Materials, and upon their constructive arrangement.

To have periodical meetings of the Members for the purpose of discussion and improvement by Lecture, Essay, or Illustration.

That the Society consist of Architects.

#### CONSTITUTION.

The Institution to consist of Fellows, Associates, and Honorary Members.

#### *Qualifications and Election of Fellows.*

To have been in regular practice for themselves as Architects not less than five years.

To be proposed by not less than three Members.

Such proposition to be hung up in the rooms of the Institution, three ordinary meetings at least previous to election.

The election to take place at the fourth ordinary meeting after being proposed.

To be elected by ballot, which is to commence as soon as twenty Members are present.

The votes of four-fifths of the Members balloting required in favor of the candidate to constitute his election.

Previously to election, it will be necessary for the candidate, unless he has already passed the examination required for an associate, to go through such an examination. This, however, to be dispensed with in the case of Architects of established reputation, if proposed as being duly qualified by ten Fellows.

#### *The Qualifications and Election of Associates.*

The candidate shall have been regularly educated for the profession, and shall be examined and approved by a committee of Fellows.

The examination to embrace—

The theory and practice of design or composition in Architecture.

The theory and practice of construction.

The usual and customary practice of business.

The same form of nomination and election as in the case of Fellows.

#### *Disqualifications of Members and Causes of Removal.*

MEASURING and valuing Works on the behalf of Builders, except those executed from the Member's own designs or directions.

Receiving any pecuniary consideration or emolument from tradesmen, whose works he may be engaged to superintend on the behalf of others.

Having any interest or participation in any Trade or Contract connected with Building.

For any other unprofessional conduct.

Non-payment of subscription, violation of Rules and Regulations.

A Member may be removed, who has incurred any of the before-mentioned disqualifications, by Resolution passed at any Annual or Special General Meeting, upon due notice having been given.

The Government of the Institution to be vested entirely in the Fellows.

#### *DIRECTION AND MANAGEMENT.—Council.*

THE Honorary Officers, consisting of a President, Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, and Secretary, together with Twelve other Fellows, to constitute the Council;—Quorum, Five.

The Honorary Officers and Six of the Twelve other Fellows to be elected annually at the General Annual Meeting.

The President not re-eligible until after a lapse of three years.

The other Honorary Officers re-eligible.

The Six Members going out not to be re-eligible for two years.

Special Meetings of the Council may be called by the President, by the Secretary, by any Three Members of the Council, or by Five Fellows,—due notice of such Special Meeting being given.

The Council to have the government and management of the Institution, subject to the Laws and Regulations, and to the Resolutions and Directions passed at General Meetings.

The Council to be empowered to appoint such salaried Officers, Clerks, and Servants as may be necessary, at Salaries approved by a General Meeting; and to suspend or remove any such Officer, Clerk or Servant.

To make all purchases, to enter into engagements, and to transact business relating to the property and funds of the Institution, within the limits of such property and fund, and subject to the regulations and restrictions of General Meetings.

Every payment to be made by special Order of the Council signed by the Chairman, and countersigned by the Secretary.

All monies to pass through the hands of the Treasurer.

#### MEETINGS OF THE INSTITUTION.

*General Meetings to be of three sorts—Annual, Ordinary, and Special.*

The Annual General Meeting of Fellows and Associates to be held in the last week in April.

The council are then to report the proceedings and transactions of the past year,—to render an account of the funds,—to lay before the Meeting a balance-sheet properly audited,—and to submit a general statement of the affairs and property of the Institution.

The new six members of the council, the president, and other officers, together with the auditors, are to be elected (by ballot).

The auditors to be two Fellows, not Members of the Council, and two Associates.

At all elections every Member, whether Fellow or Associate, is to be entitled to vote, unless disqualified by any infraction of the rules.

In case of an equality of votes, the Chairman shall give the casting vote in addition to his own vote.

At General Meetings only, laws and regulations for the general government and management of the Institution can be enacted, and

no alteration, suspension, or repeal of the laws is to be made but at a General Meeting, and upon special notice given. Such alteration, addition, &c. to be confirmed by a subsequent General Meeting.

Notice of every General Meeting and of the business to be transacted to be sent to each member, and a copy of the same to be hung up in the apartments of the society, at least six days previous to such meeting.

Special General Meetings may be convened by order of the Council, or by a requisition of not less than seven Members, of whom not less than three are to be Fellows; such Requisition to state the object of the meeting, and no other business to be then transacted.

Ordinary meetings of the Institution to be held on every alternate (Saturday).

Each Fellow and Associate to have the privilege of personally introducing a visitor, upon writing his name in the visitors' book with his own.

Communications on subjects of Art or Science are to be made, considered, and discussed, and are to be accepted and recorded if so determined.

Essays are to be read, propositions connected with Architecture are to be entertained.

Specimens and Drawings are to be exhibited, and the opinions of the Members present invited upon the various matters submitted to the consideration of the Meeting.

Any proposition for trying experiments, or for other matters requiring mature consideration, is to be submitted to the Council, for them to take such steps as they may think proper for the purpose.

The ballot for the election of Members to commence at a fixed hour, provided twenty Members be present.

The reception of new Members to take place.

At the ordinary Meetings no propositions on matters of business shall be admitted, but only such (excepting the balloting for and admission of Members) as have reference to subjects of Art and Science.

In order to give efficiency to such a Society, and to ensure the co-operation of the Profession generally, it seems important to provide means of instruction for Students, which shall enable them to acquire the general Elements of the various branches of Science connected with Architecture, in addition to those attainable in an Architect's Office, and not provided by any existing Institution. A School of Drawing from the Antique may without difficulty be formed, by means of a

Collection of Casts from ancient Architectural examples. The young men may be exercised in Composition and invention, by Subjects given out for them to design, under the superintendence of the Members. Occasional Lectures upon the Chemistry, Botany, and Geology of Architecture, upon the nature and application of Materials, upon Construction and Mechanics, will tend to bias and direct the mind of the Student, and give him an insight into the various branches of Science with which it is necessary for every Architect to be acquainted. These, and other similar means of instruction, combined with the attendance at the Ordinary Meetings, where he would be a Witness of the discussions upon points of practice, will offer such advantages as must be duly appreciated by every Architect, and eagerly embraced by his Pupil. A constant and growing attachment to the Institution will thence arise in the hearts of those, who will be so highly indebted to it for such valuable Instruction, and ensure a succession of Members well prepared to uphold and promote its success.

It may be objected, that so extensive a field of instruction must be very expensive, and require means much beyond the limited funds of a nascent Institution. But it must be recollected, that the elements of science are now far more diffused than they were at no very distant period; and that men, fully competent to convey such instruction, are now to be found, willing to give a series of Lectures for a very moderate remuneration. The Members also, it is presumed, out of a laudable desire to promote the Institution to which they belong and the Art they profess, will each one tender his cordial aid, and contribute to the general course of Instruction. Besides which, there are men, eminent in the various branches of the Sciences connected with Architecture, whose characters stand high in the estimation of the Public, and who will not fail to come forward to foster by their professional assistance the objects of the Institution, founded, not upon the narrow footing of *individual* advantage, but upon the broad basis of the *public* good.

*Qualification and Admission of a Student.*

To be recommended by a regular Architect.

To be the Pupil of a regular Architect.

To produce specimens of ability in Drawing and Design.

To make the Plan, Elevation, and Section of a given subject, under the inspection of an Officer of the Institution, as also a shadowed Drawing of a piece of Ornament, and to pass an examination in the first four books of Euclid.

Students may be present at the Ordinary Meetings, but not to take part in the proceedings.



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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### To Lady Amateurs & Artists

**THE STYLOXYNON OR PENCIL AND CRAYON CUTTER.** Few Ladies, even among the most practised in the mysteries of the Graphic Art, are dexterous in giving a point to a **BLACK LEAD PENCIL**, so necessary in forming a delicate and well defined outline, besides which, the operation is always disagreeable in consequence of its necessarily staining the fingers with the scrapings of the black lead.

**COOPER and ECKSTIEN'S STYLOXYNON or PENCIL and CRAYON CUTTER**, completely supplies this long required desideratum of the **FAIR ARTIST and AMATEUR**; as it is an instrument which insures the **MOST FINISHED and PERFECT POINT to the BLACK LEAD PENCIL or CHALK**, while the perfect **REGULARITY and GRADUAL SLOPE** with which that point is produced, gives it a **DURABILITY** by which the **Draftsman** is enabled to trace an outline with a **CONFIDENCE of TOUCH**, never to be obtained from the use of Pencils brought to a point by the most dexterous application of the penknife.

The **EXTREME FACILITY** with which the required point is produced, added to its **PORTABILITY and SIMPLICITY of CONSTRUCTION**, is rapidly finding the **STYLOXYNON** a place among the drawing materials of every votary of the imitative art.

To be purchased of **ECKSTEIN and SON, 13, HIGH HOLBORN, (near GRAY'S INN)** and of all Artists' Colourmen, Hardwaremen, Stationers, &c. in the United Kingdom.

Eruptions on the Skin, Scurvy, &c.

**W. WILLMOTT, Chemist, 83, High-street, Borough,** does with the greatest confidence urge those who are unfortunately afflicted with either of the above complaints, to try his **ANTI-SCORBUTIC TINCTURE**. Although the sale of this medicine is immense, not a case of failure has been known to occur, which makes the Proprietor anxious that this blessing should be published to all the world. As a purifier and sweetener of the blood, it is the best medicine ever known, and reference can be given to many highly respectable persons who will most gladly bear testimony to its efficacy in the numerous stages of this disease.

Mr. Wilmott is also sole Proprietor of that invaluable cure for the Ringworm and Scald Head, **MORSE'S OINTMENT**, which requires only to be known to be appreciated. It may truly be called invaluable, as daily experience proves it to be infallible in that distressing complaint amongst children.

The Tincture in bottles, 4s. 6d. and 11s. each; the Ointment in pots, 4s. 6d. each.

Sold by **W. Wilmott, 83, High-street, Boro'**; **Sanger, 150, and Hanway, 63, Oxford-street**; **Prout, 229, Strand**, and most respectable Medicine Venders in Town and Country.

Just Published, Gratis.

**A CATALOGUE of SECOND HAND BOOKS** in General Literature, containing a small collection of Works on the Fine Arts, including an interesting series of Foreign Sale Catalogues of Prints, &c. now on Sale by **John Russell Smith, 4, Old Compton-street, Soho, London.**

**THE EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, and SKETCHES**, by the late **R. P. BONINGTON**, is now open to the Public, at 209, Regent Street.

"This Interesting Collection contains the greater part of his Finest Productions, and altogether comprehends Three Hundred and Fifty different Subjects, many of which are entirely New to the Public."

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**THE KING'S PICTURES** of the battle of Trafalgar, painted by **W. I. Huggins**, (Marine painter to his Majesty) and exhibited by permission of his most gracious Majesty, with a **GALLERY of SUPERB PAINTINGS** amongst which are the celebrated Cherubim and Seraphim of Correggio, taken from the Vatican by Napoleon, forming the third Annual Exhibition. **EXETER HALL, Strand.**—Admission to both 1s.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

**LABERN'S BOTANIC CREAM.** The increasing popularity of the above article having given rise to a host of spurious imitations, which are highly calculated to injure the hair, the public are respectfully informed that the only genuine preparation, bearing the title of Labern's Botanic Cream, is enclosed with directions for use attached to the pots and bottles, and contains the words **H. Labern's Botanic Cream**, for strengthening and beautifying the hair.

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Extraordinary and Novel Attractions. **THE TWO NEW VIEWS** now Exhibiting, and which have been Painted expressly for the Establishment, by the celebrated Artist of Canterbury Cathedral, Campo Santo, and others, are the **RUINS OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY** in Yorkshire, by Moonlight, with a total Eclipse, and moving shadows; and the **CRYPT OF ST. DENIS CATHEDRAL** in France, also with variations of light and shade. N.B. The beautiful Ceiling of the Saloon having been retouched and embellished, exhibits the Portraits of most of the renowned Painters of the past and present ages. Open daily from 10 till dusk.

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